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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. In a Series of Letters written during a Residence in those Countries.* By William Beckford, Author of 'Vathek.' 2 vols. 8vo. (Second Notice.)

This is no more a book of travels than Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—it is a prose poem. It will have little merit, perhaps, with those who delight in "the substantial," and who, judging from the title, expect to find in it the usual traveller's catalogue of sights and wonders, with an eternal commentary on the guide-books—it is a mere record of impressions. The writer was a young enthusiast, with a passionate love of the ideal and the spiritual, whether in art or nature: travelling had little to do with the work, but to call forth feeling; in proof, it was originally printed fifty years ago, yet, though the road has since been trodden by others to utter weariness, it is as fresh and delightful as if the ink were not dry with which it was written. There are scenes in these volumes not to be excelled in modern poetry—pictures where words are as rich in colour and in beauty as the pencil of Turner: the rest is but the connecting link which holds them together. We are not sure that all will agree in this judgment; but the work will assuredly "fit audience find," and take a permanent rank in our libraries.

We have resolved, on this occasion, to follow our inclination, and let our extracts begin with the beginning. It is the best way to develop the writer's mind in all its wayward moods. Mr. Beckford, like most of the favoured children of fortune, has strong passions and prejudices, which often serve him instead of a reason; but, in truth, he never stops to reason—he disposes of a great name in art in a single sentence—a great work of art in a parenthesis—a city or a people with a joke, an anecdote, or an illustration; but when his heart is touched, or his feelings excited, then comes the passion and the poetry.

We gave a notice of Ostend last week,—here is Ghent:—

"To one so far gone in the poetic lore of ancient days, Ghent is not the most likely place to recall his attention; and I know nothing more about it, than that it is a large, ill-paved, plethoric, pompous-looking city, with a decent proportion of convents and chapels, monuments, brazen gates, and gilded marbles. In the great church were several pictures by Rubens, so striking, so masterly, as to hold me broad awake; though, I must own, there are moments when I could contentedly fall asleep in a Flemish cathedral, for the mere chance of beholding in vision the temple of Olympian Jupiter.

"But I think I hear, at this moment, some grave and respectable personage chiding my enthusiasm.—Really, Sir, you had better stay at home, and dream in your great chair, than give yourself the trouble of going post through Europe, in search of places where to fall asleep. If Flanders and Holland are to be dreamed over at this

rate, you had better take ship at once, and doze all the way to Italy.' Upon my word, I should not have much objection to that scheme; and, if some enchanter would but transport me in an instant to the summit of *Ætna*, anybody might slop through the Low Countries that pleased.

"Being, however, so far advanced, there is no retracting; and I am resolved to journey along with Quiet and Content for my companions. These two comfortable deities have, I believe, taken Flanders under their especial protection; every step one advances discovering some new proof of their influence. The neatness of the houses, and the universal cleanliness of the villages, show plainly that their inhabitants live in ease and good humour. All is still and peaceful in these fertile lowlands: the eye meets nothing but round unmeaning faces at every door, and harmless stupidity smiling at every window. The beasts, as placid as their masters, graze on without any disturbance: and I scarcely recollect to have heard one grunting swine or snarling mastiff during my whole progress. Before every village is a wealthy dunghill, not at all offensive, because but seldom disturbed; and there sows and porkers bask in the sun, and wallow in their ease, till the hour of death and bacon arrives."

Here is a Dutch landscape, as true as if painted in colours by a native artist:—

"Towards evening, we entered the dominions of the United Provinces, and had all their glory of canals, treck-schuyts, and windmills, before us. The minute neatness of the villages, their red roofs, and the lively green of the willows which shade them, corresponded with the ideas I had formed of Chinese prospects; a resemblance which was not diminished upon viewing on every side the level scenery of enamelled meadows, with stripes of clear water across them, and innumerable barges gliding busily along. Nothing could be finer than the weather; it improved each moment, as if propitious to my exotic fancies; and, at sunset, not one single cloud obscured the horizon. Several storks were parading by the water side, amongst flags and ozers: and, as far as the eye could reach, large herds of beautifully spotted cattle were enjoying the plenty of their pastures. I was perfectly in the environs of Canton, or Ning Po, till we reached Meerdyke. You know fumigations are always the current recipe in romance to break an enchantment; as soon, therefore, as I left my carriage and entered my inn, the clouds of tobacco which filled every one of its apartments dispersed my Chinese imaginations, and reduced me in an instant to Holland."

Leaving Rotterdam, and Delft, "that great parent of pottery," altogether unnoticed, Mr. Beckford proceeds to the Hague, where, "just entering the town," he observes, "I met an unwieldy fellow, not ill-clad, airing his carcass in a one-dog chair. The poor animal puffed and panted, while Mynheer smoked, and gaped around him with the most blessed indifference." Here is his account of the dusty pompous parterres of the Grefier Fagel:—

"Every flower that wealth can purchase diffuses its perfume on one side; whilst every stench a canal can exhale poisons the air on the other. These sluggish puddles defy all the power of the

United Provinces, and retain the freedom of stinking in spite of any endeavour to conquer their filthiness.

"But perhaps I am too bold in my assertion; for I have no authority to mention any attempts to purify these noxious pools. Who knows but their odour is congenial to a Dutch constitution? One should be inclined to this supposition by the numerous banquetting rooms and pleasure houses which hang directly above their surface, and seem calculated on purpose to enjoy them. After all, I am not greatly surprised at the fishiness of their site, since very slight authority would persuade me there was a period when Holland was all water, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants fish. A certain oysterishness of eye and flabbiness of complexion, are almost proofs sufficient of this aquatic descent: and pray tell me for what purpose are such galligaskins as the Dutch burthen themselves with contrived, but to tuck up a flouncing tail, and thus cloak the deformity of a dolphinlike termination?"

The ride to Amsterdam and Utrecht is thus briefly but graphically described:—

"Well, thank Heaven! Amsterdam is behind us; how I got thither signifies not one farthing; it was all along a canal, as usual. The weather was hot enough to broil an inhabitant of Bengal; and the odours, exhaling from every quarter, sufficiently powerful to regale the nose of a Hot-tentot.

"Under these pungent circumstances we entered the great city. The Stadt-huys being the only cool place it contained, I repaired thither as fast as the heat permitted, and walked in a lofty marble hall, magnificently coved, till the dinner was ready at the inn. That despatched, we set off for Utrecht. Both sides of the way are lined with the country-houses and gardens of opulent citizens, as fine as gilt statues and clipped hedges can make them. Their number is quite astonishing: from Amsterdam to Utrecht, full thirty miles, we beheld no other objects than endless avenues and stiff parterres, scrawled and flourished in patterns like the embroidery of an old maid's work-bag. Notwithstanding this formal taste, I could not help admiring the neatness and arrangement of every inclosure, enlivened by a profusion of flowers, and decked with arbours, beneath which a vast number of consequential personages were solacing themselves after the heat of the day. Each lusthuys we passed contained some comfortable party dozing over their pipes, or angling in the muddy fish-ponds below. Scarce an avenue but swarmed with female josses; little squat pug-dogs waddling at their sides, the attributes, I suppose, of these fair divinities."

To Aix-la-Chapelle still less space is allotted:—

"We arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle about ten at night, and saw the mouldering turrets of that once illustrious capital by the help of a candle and lantern. An old woman at the gate asked our names (for not a single soldier appeared); and after traversing a number of superannuated streets without perceiving the least trace of Charlemagne or his Paladins, we procured comfortable though not magnificent apartments, and slept most unheroically sound, till it was time to set forward for Dusseldorf."

The account of the gallery at Dusseldorf, and of the three kings at Cologne, we gave

last week, and we shall now leave the Rhine and Bavaria untouched, and come at once to the Tyrol. The approach is as truly pictured in words as by any ordinary artist with a pencil—and will recall the scene delightfully to all who have travelled there:—

"The next post brought us over hill and dale, grove and meadow, to a narrow plain, watered by rivulets and surrounded by cliffs, under which lies scattered the village of Wolfrathshausen, consisting of several remarkably large cottages, built entirely of fir, with strange galleries projecting from them. Nothing can be neater than the carpentry of these complicated edifices, nor more solid than their construction; many of them looked as if they had braved the torrents which fell from the mountains a century ago; and, if one may judge from the hoary appearance of the inhabitants, here are patriarchs coeval with their mansions. Orchards of cherry-trees cover the steep above the village, which to our certain knowledge produce most admirable fruit.

"Having refreshed ourselves with their cooling juice, we struck into a grove of pines, the tallest and most flourishing we had yet beheld. There seemed no end to these forests, except where little irregular spots of herbage, fed by cattle, intervened. Whenever we gained an eminence it was only to discover more ranges of dark wood, variegated with meadows and glittering streams. White clover and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers clothe their banks; above, waves the mountain-ash, glowing with scarlet berries; and beyond, rise hills, rocks and mountains, piled upon one another, and fringed with fir to their topmost acclivities. Perhaps the Norwegian forests alone, equal these in grandeur and extent."

We shall give one or two more admirable Tyrolean pictures, and then push on for Venice. Mr. Beckford slept the first night at a cottage on the banks of the Walchen-see, of which he observes, "mountains of pine and beech rising above, close every outlet; and no village or spire peeping out of the foliage, impress an idea of more than European solitude." This is true even to the present hour. The character of this little lake and its surrounding scenery, is indeed strange and wild—a noble beech wood encircles it, above rises a belt of dark pines, from out of which the cone-topped mountains seem to shoot up as if they too sprang living from the earth, to shut it out from all the world. Proceeding onwards, the scenery becomes more and more sublime, yet softened at intervals by those little cultivated nooks, with their nests of happy human beings, which give such interest to the Tyrol. All this is admirably described, or rather depicted, by Mr. Beckford:—

"From the shore of Walchen-see, our road led us straight through arching groves, which the axe seems never to have violated, to the summit of a rock covered with daphnes of various species, and worn by the course of torrents into innumerable craggy forms. Beneath, lay extended a chaos of shattered cliffs, with tall pines springing from their crevices, and rapid streams hurrying between their intermingled trunks and branches. As yet, no hut appeared, no mill, no bridge, no trace of human existence.

"After a few hours' journey through the wilderness, we began to discover a wreath of smoke; and presently the cottage from whence it arose, composed of planks, and reared on the very brink of a precipice. Piles of cloven fir were dispersed before the entrance, on a little spot of verdure browsed by goats; near them sat an aged man with hoary whiskers, his white locks tucked under a fur cap. Two or three beautiful children with hair neatly braided, played around

him, and a young woman dressed in a short robe and Polish-looking bonnet, peeped out of a wicket window.

"I was so much struck with the appearance of this sequestered family, that, crossing a rivulet, I clambered up to their cottage and sought some refreshment. Immediately there was a contention amongst the children, who should be the first to oblige me. A little black-eyed girl succeeded, and brought me an earthen jug full of milk, with crumbled bread and a platter of strawberries, fresh picked from the bank. I reclined in the midst of my smiling hosts, and spread my repast on the turf: never could I be waited upon with more hospitable grace. The only thing I wanted was language to express my gratitude; and it was this deficiency which made me quit them so soon. The old man seemed visibly concerned at my departure; and his children followed me a long way down the rocks, talking in a dialect which passes all understanding, and waving their hands to bid me adieu.

"I had hardly lost sight of them and regained my carriage before we entered a forest of pines, to all appearance without bounds, of every age and figure; some feathered to the ground with flourishing branches; others, decayed into shapes like Lapland idols. Even at noonday, I thought we should never have found our way out.

"As last, having descended a long avenue, endless perspectives opening on either side, we emerged into a valley bounded by hills, divided into irregular inclosures, where many herds were grazing. A rivulet flows along the pastures beneath; and after winding through the village of Walgau, loses itself in a narrow pass amongst the cliffs and precipices which rise above the cultivated slopes and frame in this happy pastoral region. All the plain was in sunshine, the sky blue, the heights illuminated, except one rugged peak with spires of rock, shaped not unlike the views I have seen of Sinai, and wrapped, like that sacred mount, in clouds and darkness. At the base of this tremendous mass lies the hamlet of Mittenwald, surrounded by thickets and banks of verdure, and watered by frequent springs, whose sight and murmurs were so reviving in the midst of a sultry day, that we could not think of leaving their vicinity, but remained at Mittenwald the whole evening.

"Our inn had long airy galleries, with pleasant balconies fronting the mountain; in one of these we dined upon trout fresh from the rills, and cherries just culled from the orchards that cover the slopes above. The clouds were dispersing, and the topmost peak half visible, before we ended our repast, every moment discovering some inaccessible cliff or summit, shining through the mists, and tinted by the sun with pale golden colours. These appearances filled me with such delight and with such a train of romantic associations, that I left the table and ran to an open field beyond the huts and gardens to gaze in solitude and catch the vision before it dissolved away. \* \* \*

"When all was faded and lost in the blue ether, I had time to look around me and notice the mead in which I was standing. Here, clover covered its surface; there, crops of grain; further on, beds of herbs and the sweetest flowers. An amphitheatre of hills and rocks, broken into a variety of glens and precipices, open a course for several clear rivulets, which, after gurgling amidst loose stones and fragments, fall down the steep, and are concealed and quieted in the herbage of the vale.

"A cottage or two peep out of the woods that hang over the waterfalls; and on the brow of the hills above, appears a series of eleven little chapels, uniformly built. I followed the narrow path that leads to them, on the edge of the eminences, and met a troop of beautiful peasants, all of the name of Anna (for it was St. Anna's

day) going to pay their devotion, severally, at these neat white fane. There were faces that Guercino would not have disdained copying, with braids of hair the softest and most luxuriant I ever beheld. Some had wreathed it simply with flowers, others with rolls of a thin linen (manufactured in the neighbourhood), and disposed it with a degree of elegance one should not have expected on the cliffs of the Tyrol.

"Being arrived, they knelt altogether at the first chapel, on the steps, a minute or two, whispered a short prayer, and then dispersed each to her fane. Every little building had now its fair worshipper, and you may well conceive how much such figures, scattered about the landscape, increased its charms. Notwithstanding the fervour of their adorations (for at intervals they sighed, and beat their white bosoms with energy), several bewitching profane glances were cast at me as I passed by. Do not be surprised, then, if I became a convert to idolatry in so amiable a form, and worshipped Saint Anna on the score of her namesakes."

But we must hurry on and fix ourselves, for this week at least, at the Lione Bianco, on the Grand Canal at Venice; where the reader will please to imagine himself seated in a balcony, twined round with plants, forming a green festoon, springing from two large vases of orange trees placed at each end:—

"As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas moving rapidly along were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stilled every clamour and suspended all conversation in the galleries and porticos; till, rowing slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers catching the air, imitated its cadences, and were answered by others at a distance, whose voices, echoed by the arch of the bridge, acquired a plaintive and interesting tone. I retired to rest, full of the sound; and long after I was asleep, the melody seemed to vibrate in my ear.

August 2.

"It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches and melons arrived, and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and upon enquiry I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit, before they retired to sleep for the day."

Here is a day at Venice:—

"The sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing except an old priest who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapt in shadows. The sun

beams began to strike against the windows of the cupola, just as I left the church and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio.

"When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportions and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side and extending out of sight. The Doge's palace and the tall columns at the entrance of the place of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. \* \* \*

"I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions, and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults; so that I ate my grapes, and read Metastasio, undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

"After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister supported on Ionic pillars, beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the chef-d'œuvre of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding-garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times and accustomed to miracles.

"Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster, a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos, that engross every breath of air; and, what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it, whenever they have a mind. \* \* \*

"I moved slowly out of the cloisters; and, gaining my gondola, arrived, I know not how, at the flights of steps which lead to the Redentore, a structure so simple and elegant, that I thought myself entering an antique temple, and looked about for the statue of the God of Delphi, or some other graceful divinity. \* \* \*

"The good fathers had decorated the nave with orange and citron trees, placed between the pilasters of the arcades; and on grand festivals, it seems, they turn the whole church into a bower, strew the pavement with leaves, and festoon the dome with flowers.

"I left them occupied with their plants and their devotions. It was mid-day, and I begged to be rowed to some woody island, where I might dine in shade and tranquillity. My gondoliers shot off in an instant; but, though they went at a very rapid rate, I wished to advance still faster, and getting into a bark with six oars, swept along the waters, soon left the Zecca and San

Marco behind; and, launching into the plains of shining sea, saw turret after turret, and isle after isle, fleeting before me. A pale greenish light ran along the shores of the distant continent, whose mountains seemed to catch the motion of my boat, and to fly with equal celerity.

"I had not much time to contemplate the beautiful effects on the waters—the emerald and purple hues which gleamed along their surface. Our prow struck, foaming, against the walls of the Carthusian garden, before I recollected where I was, or could look attentively around me. Permission being obtained, I entered this cool retirement, and putting aside with my hands the boughs of figs and pomegranates, got under an ancient bay-tree on the summit of a little knoll, near which several tall pines lift themselves up to the breezes. I listened to the conversation they held, with a wind just flown from Greece, and charged, as well as I could understand this airy language, with many affectionate remembrances from their relations on Mount Ida. \* \* \*

"The rustling of the pines had the same effect as the murmurs of other old story-tellers, and I dozed undisturbed till the people without, in the boat, (who wondered not a little, I dare say, what was become of me within) began a sort of chorus in parts, full of such plaintive modulation, that I still thought myself under the influence of a dream, and, half in this world and half in the other, believed, like the heroes of Fingal, that I had caught the music of the spirits of the hill.

"When I was thoroughly convinced of the reality of these sounds, I moved towards the shore whence they proceeded: a glassy sea lay before me; no gale ruffled the expanse; every breath had subsided, and I beheld the sun go down in all its sacred calm. You have experienced the sensations this moment inspires; imagine what they must have been in such a scene, and accompanied with a melody so simple and pathetic. I stepped into my boat, and now instead of encouraging the speed of the gondoliers, begged them to abate their ardour, and row me lazily home. They complied, and we were near an hour reaching the platform in front of the ducal palace, thronged as usual with a variety of nations. I mixed a moment with the crowd; then directed my steps to the great mosque, I ought to say the church of St. Mark; but really its cupolas, slender pinnacles, and semicircular arches, have so oriental an appearance, as to excuse this appellation. I looked a moment at the four stately coursers of bronze and gold that adorn the chief portal, and then took in, at one glance, the whole extent of the piazza, with its towers and standards. A more noble assemblage was never exhibited by architecture. I envied the good fortune of Petrarch, who describes, in one of his letters, a tournament held in this princely opening. \* \* \*

"This fit of enthusiasm was hardly subsided, when I passed into the great square, which received a faint gleam from its casinos and palaces, just beginning to be lighted up, and to become the resort of pleasure and dissipation. Numbers were walking in parties upon the pavement; some sought the convenient gloom of the porticos with their favourites; others were earnestly engaged in conversation, and filled the gay illuminated apartments, where they resorted to drink coffee and sorbet, with laughter and merriment. A thoughtless giddy transport prevailed; for, at this hour, anything like restraint seems perfectly out of the question; and however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in the day, at night he lays up wig and robe and gravity to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines.

"Many of the noble Venetians have a little

suite of apartments in some out-of-the-way corner, near the grand piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. To these they skulk in the dusk, and revel undisturbed with the companions of their pleasures. Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. Many an unhappy lover, whose mistress disappears on a sudden with some fortunate rival, has searched for her haunts in vain. The gondoliers themselves, though the prime managers of intrigue, are often unacquainted with these interior cabinet. When a gallant has a mind to pursue his adventures with mystery, he rows to the piazza, orders his bark to wait, meets his goddess in the crowd, and vanishes from all beholders. Surely, Venice is the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a devil upon two sticks. What a variety of lurking-places would one stroke of his crutch uncover!

"Whilst the higher ranks were solacing themselves in their casinos, the rabble were gathered in knots round the strollers and mountebanks, singing and scamouching in the middle of the square. I observed a great number of Orientals amongst the crowd, and heard Turkish and Arabic muttering in every corner. Here the Sclavonian dialect predominated; there some Grecian jargon, almost unintelligible. Had Saint Mark's church been the wondrous tower, and its piazza the chief square of the city of Babylon, there could scarcely have been a greater confusion of languages.

"The novelty of the scene afforded me no small share of amusement, and I wandered about from group to group, and from one strange exotic to another, asking and being asked innumerable ridiculous questions, and settling the politics of London and Constantinople almost in the same breath. This instant I found myself in a circle of grave Armenian priests and jewellers; the next amongst Greeks and Dalmatians, who accosted me with the smoothest compliments, and gave proof that their reputation for pliability and address was not ill-founded.

"I was entering into a grand harum-scarum discourse with some Russian counts or princes, or whatever you please, just landed with dwarfs, and footmen, and governors, and staring like me, about them, when Madame de Rosenberg arrived, to whom I had the happiness of being recommended. She presented me to some of the most distinguished of the Venetian families at their great casino which looks into the piazza, and consists of five or six rooms, fitted up in a gay flimsy taste, neither rich nor elegant, where were a great many lights, and a great many ladies negligently dressed, their hair falling very freely about them, and innumerable adventures written in their eyes. The gentlemen were loling upon the sofas, or lounging about the apartments.

"The whole assembly seemed upon the verge of gaping, till coffee was carried round. This magic beverage diffused a temporary animation; and, for a moment or two, conversation moved on with a degree of pleasing extravagance; but the flash was soon dissipated, and nothing remained save cards and stupidity.

"In the intervals of shuffling and dealing, some talked over the affairs of the grand council with less reserve than I expected; and two or three of them asked some feeble questions about the late tumults in London. It was one o'clock before all the company were assembled, and I left them at three, still dreaming over their coffee and card-tables."

This was written when Venice still slept in peace, and dreamed of freedom in the shadow of the glory of the old republic; but the tempest came and shook

All things the giant with the scythe had spared,  
To their foundations, and at once she fell.

Yet it is still true, though she now lies



prostrate and unpitied at the foot of a tramontane conqueror. But we must come to a conclusion—at least for this week.

*Thirty Years' Correspondence between John Jebb, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, &c., and A. Knox, Esq.* Edited by the Rev. C. Forster, B.D. London: Duncan.

Mr. Forster has by the publication of this correspondence, eminently served Biblical criticism, clerical education, and even religion itself. The scriptural dissertations interchanged between Bishop Jebb and his friend are not dry notices of words and syllables, questions of various readings or mere grammatical disquisitions; still less are they mystic speculations on subjects transcending the range of the human faculties; but they are the comments of the heart and the affections on the Sacred Text, the results of a desire to pourtray in the most lively colours the moral beauties of Christianity. No better guide could be found to direct the studies of a young clergyman, than Alexander Knox; his early letters are models of affectionate advice, a rare union of sound criticism and pure piety; Jebb's replies are those of one who knew the value of such a director, and who possessed every qualification for profiting by his instructions. In the many controversies that during the thirty years over which the letters spread, shook the church of Ireland from without and from within, we find the two friends preserving a dispassionate and calm spirit, never interfering except as moderators, checking as far as lay in their power that *controversia pruritus*, which has so often and so fatally proved *ecclesiæ scabies*. Bishop Jebb, indeed, was the Lord Falkland of the Irish Church; his cry was, "Peace! Peace!" not a peace to be purchased by any compromise of principle, but a peace to be secured by mutual tolerance, by seeking even in differences of opinion, causes for love of all Christians, instead of an excuse for hatred. Like Falkland, the excellent Bishop never forsook the standard under which he had enlisted; but, like him, he dreaded the violence and indiscreet zeal of many that were ranged at his side. It would be easy to extend the parallel, but our readers will be more pleased with some specimens of the excellent feeling and sound sense displayed by the lamented prelate. During a visit to Cambridge, he encountered a clergyman of a very different spirit, and gives the following account of their conversation:—

"You are in a country," said Mr. —, "very much swarming with Papists." "Yes," replied I, "there are a great number of Roman Catholics in my parish: it is extensive, and I have but fifteen or sixteen Protestant families: this I believe was further drawn out, by a question relative to the comparative numbers. 'Then,' said Mr. —, 'have you made any exertions among the Papists to bring them over?' 'No,' I replied: 'the attempt would be altogether in vain; and, indeed, I do not feel myself called on to use exertions of that nature.' 'But, have you consulted with other ministers, as to the line of conduct which you should adopt?' 'I have thought much upon the subject; and my mind is fully made up, that I ought not to interfere; particularly as I know the people to be under the care of a very pious and attentive parish priest.' 'But do you not feel it your duty to attempt the conversion of those poor people, from the damnable

errors of popery?' 'I cannot think that they labour under damnable errors; they have erred, and do err, grossly and absurdly, but not, as I conceive, damnably; else how could their church produce so many pious and excellent individuals?' 'That is owing to the goodness of God, who has permitted some individuals to be better than their system.' 'But surely their doctrine of justification, and their abominable doctrine of human merit are damnable.' 'I cannot think so: some crude things they do say, on the point of merit; but they firmly believe, that we can do no good thing, but by the grace of Christ.' 'Yes; but they give their works a share in their justification, and they should be opposed,' &c. To all this, I said, in order to cut short useless discussion, 'that from birth, education, and providential circumstances, and of deliberate choice, I dissented from the errors of popery; that divine Providence had made me the superintendent of a church-of-England flock; to that little flock, I endeavoured to pay attention. That the same Providence saw fit to leave the population of my parish, under the care of another pastor; that with him, I did not think it, in any degree, my duty to interfere,' &c. &c. And so, after a few words more on both sides, the discussion ended."

Experience is the best test of the value of principles; and an extract from another letter will show, how beneficially the adoption of such principles operated in the parish of Abington, though situated in the very centre of disturbed districts. A meeting of the farmers and peasantry was held, the Protestant rector and Catholic priest acted in concert, and peace and good-will were preserved.

"You will, I know, be glad to hear, however little at length and in detail, that this spot, among all the horrors and atrocities which surround us, is still tranquil; almost the single tranquil spot, in the county of Limerick. Under Providence, much is due to the people themselves, whom, after more than eleven years' residence among them, I can safely pronounce to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured, and affectionate people. Some black sheep there may be, and doubtless are; but the general mass may be deemed happily untainted. In the next place, and in a higher degree, we are indebted to our excellent parish priest, Mr. C.; who has been instant, in season, and out of season, in admonition, exhortation, and exertion of every kind, to keep his people right. Nor have his efforts failed. \* \* \* In the preparatory movements to our meeting, at the meeting itself, and ever since, we have found in Mr. C. an invaluable coadjutor. He supplied the first two resolutions; acquiesced heartily in the remaining resolutions, drawn up by me; assured me, that he would be always happy to facilitate my communication with 'our' parishioners; and, at the meeting after mass, (we came from church, and found the R. C. congregation in readiness,) introduced me to his flock, as 'the clergyman of the parish; who would address them from the altar.' A transaction, the like of which I suppose never occurred, since the Reformation. On the liberality, and honourable confidence evinced, in thus inviting a Church-of-England clergyman to preach to his popish flock, I need not enlarge: no one can appreciate it more fully than yourself. I addressed the people, I dare say, for a full half-hour; and so far as I myself, and others near me, could judge, was heard with breathless attention, and real sympathy. The people, when the resolutions were to be sanctioned by a show of hands, raised their hands to a man; and the little children, immediately in front of the altar, strained their little arms, that their hands too, might be seen. Several persons, at the same instant, cried out: 'La! the very children are lifting their hands!' It was truly an

affecting sight. The farmers and peasantry then flocked within the rails of the altar, to subscribe their names: and I hardly ever witnessed a scene of such cordial unanimity. Chapel was the only place, at which we could reckon on a full, and effective meeting; and I am glad that the place was chapel, and the day, Sunday. By this arrangement, it was not a political, but a religious meeting; and the act was felt to be a solemn engagement, in the presence of God. We anticipate much good, not only here, but elsewhere, from these resolutions."

We agree with Mr. Knox, that this interesting scene deserves to be made the subject of a painting. We shall not venture to speculate upon the causes that have rendered such scenes of rare occurrence; but sure we are, that had the wise Christian maxims, which Bishop Jebb valued so highly, that he made them the motto of his scrap-books, been more universally adopted, acrimony and bitterness would not have produced the evils which we have unfortunately witnessed. The sentences deserve to be graven on the hearts of all;

*Il faut mieux taire une vérité, que de la dire de mauvaise grâce.*

*Le silence judicieux, est toujours meilleur qu'une vérité non charitable.*

It was well said by Quinet, (see *Athenæum*, p. 122,) that when Catholics and Protestants rush into the arena of controversy, and call upon reason to be their judge, they should address her as the gladiators of old did the Roman emperor—"Behold those who are come to die, salute thee."

It is unnecessary to recommend these volumes, the extracts we have made will do that sufficiently; but we cannot take leave of them without expressing the sincere delight with which we have perused them. There are honoured names mentioned in those letters, associated with our most treasured recollections, to whose merits the excellent prelate bears affectionate testimony. Of the Bishop himself, and our sorrow for his loss, we need not repeat what we have before expressed.

*Revolving his mysterious lot,  
We mourn him, but we praise him not;  
Glory to God be given;  
Who sent him like the radiant bow,  
His covenant of peace to show,  
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,  
Then vanish into heaven.*

*The Revolutionary Epick.* The work of Disraeli the younger. Books II. and III. London: Moxon.

We have here the continuation of the allegorical poem, the commencement of which we noticed some months ago. These two new books contain the 'Plea of Lyridon,' the 'Genius of Federalism,' and the first part of the 'Conquest of Italy.' We expressed our opinion of the plan of the work on a former occasion—and now feel, yet more strongly, that the taste of the day is not for allegory. We want realities, not symbols—the struggle of opposing principles, the great strife between good and evil, freedom and slavery, must be brought home to us by being shown in its workings among the sons of men. If we had not been convinced of this before, the conclusion of Mr. Disraeli's third canto would have satisfied us of its truth: it came upon us with almost a startling interest—after having been so long among clouds and abstractions—and we are mistaken if he did not write it under a fresher and more distinct

inspiration than prompted him at the earlier part of his labour. This makes us the more regret that the plan of his poem will prevent the whole from acquiring the popularity which detached passages deserve. The following are not the least beautiful among them—we will leave 'Lyridon,' and 'Opinion,' and 'Demogorgon,' in their world of shadows, and delight our readers with something more tangible. The following passage is exquisite:—

"He who watches  
The dying of the storm will surely mark  
Within the turbid sky the mighty clouds,  
In shattered splendour sailing, like huge ships,  
After some fight that crowns an empire's fate,  
Drifting by conquered shores; while mid their wreck  
The cannon of the tempest sullen boom,  
The thunder's falling peals; now loud, now deep,  
Now near, now far away, until some bolt,  
Some single bolt, that seems to crack the sky,  
Tells that the strife is o'er. And then arises  
A gentle breeze, the scene distracted clearing,  
While, through a veil of soft distilling rain,  
Like Triumph smiling through a shower of tears,  
Forth shines the conquering sun; on field and flower  
His genial radiance shedding. Voice of birds  
And lowing of kine that beam salute,  
And soon each rural sound delightful tells,  
Back to a freshened earth the rustic world  
Return to grateful labour.

We must give, too, part of the night scene which opens the third canto:—

'Tis Night; on Montanotte's gory hill  
The silver moon her summer radiance sheds,  
And throws a quivering light on many a sign  
That tells the bloody past; standards and arms,  
Shattered and shivered like the ghostly forms  
That shared their pride, their terror, and their doom,  
The steed and steedman both o'erthrown, and joined  
In death as life: that nostril which the morn  
Saluted with a snort more awful far  
Than fifty clarions, and its foam superb  
Flung on the heady fight, no more resounds  
That peal triumphant; and that fiery crest,  
That tossed and sparkled in the daring air,  
Upon the cold and humble earth now lies  
Palid and stiff; and many a goodly man  
Who, as he vaulted on that bounding back,  
Felt that a saddle and a whirling sabre  
To softer seats and loftier arms might lead,  
And from the pillage of a startled world  
A throne and sceptre for his booty seize;  
With all the passions on his sealed face,  
Now bites the dust he hardly deigned to tread,  
Bloody and grim.

Deep in the slumber of the sleeping babe,  
Upon the undrawn curtain of whose brain  
No phantoms flit; deep is the huntsman's dream;  
The sailor, in his giddy hammock slung,  
Rocked by the ocean, revels in repose:  
The couch of Kings may envy; and the star,  
The trembling star, that from the sunset springs,  
And bids the homeward wain its course retrace,  
The peasant for his honest toil rewards  
With rest, that Chanticleer alone shall rouse;  
But sleeping babe, and huntsman with his dreams,  
The careless sailor, and the wearied hind,  
Know not the trance of slumber that descends  
Upon the soldier's brain, when like a ball  
In battle spent, or steed whose course is run,  
The sanguine struggle and the fierce suspense  
All past, and wearied by the hot pursuit,  
Whose scent is human blood, upon the sod  
His sabre and himself he wildly flings.

The passage in which the march towards Milan is described, is full of glow and motion, and carries us along with it like some rich and inspiring strain of music:—

For ere the morning beam  
Had tipped with sunlight all the mountain tops,  
The conqueror's march commenced, a march indeed  
As wondrous as his war! Ye royal bands,  
Hirelings of kings and emperors, vain your strife  
With these bold sons of freedom, as the note  
Of glory's trumpet on the distant wind  
Catches their eager ear. On with the march!  
No pause but combat, and the victor field  
Their only resting place: the cause his own  
Devoutly feels each warlike citizen.  
For slaves be food and rest, their own great hearts  
Along sustain them; and their aching eyes  
Are weary only with the restless ken  
That seeks the unseen foe. A warlike march  
Warriors alone may form. No suttling crowd  
Impede their noble course with all the lures  
That tempt the victim to the heartless strife.  
Each steed its forage, on his bayonet's point  
His scanty ration each bold soldier bears;  
And trusting to his own good sword alone,

Within a hostile land adventurous flings  
His reckless form. On with the ceaseless march!  
The startled wander, on his warlike tower,  
Guards well the gates the foe disdains to view;  
Passing contemptuous by those mighty walls,  
Whose awful turrets many a summer host  
Of proud invaders, prouder held at bay;  
And stopped the tide of war, like some vast mole  
Breaking the Ocean's swell; its headlong wave  
Back hurling with disdain—the bulwark of the land;  
But covered fort, and towering citadel,  
Are for these novel warriors, but the guides  
That trace their road of conquest; urging on  
Their course resistless, till the rising towers  
Denote the regal city of the land,  
All meaner prey despising. This their aim,  
Their object this, no idle fence of arms,  
Maiming some feeble member with a scratch,  
But in its very heart to stab the land,  
And so end all. On with the ceaseless march!  
The billowy rushing of the winding river,  
Than which a nobler monument to realms,  
Nature or art ne'er gave; for these bold men  
Is but a bath to renovate their strength,  
And slake the fever of their heated frames.  
Wild in the wave they rush with eager glee,  
Plunging and shouting in the troubled waters,  
And tossing in the air the glittering drops;  
Or gay amid their travail, ever gay,  
Dash in each other's face the sparkling shower.  
On with the ceaseless march! Short respite grants  
Their ardent chief; the fisher's back affords  
A ferry to the footmen, or they twine  
With practised skill light baskets, that the girls  
Crowned with fresh fruit, the fig and purple vine,  
Or rosy peach, that loves the radiant plain,  
Almond of glittering light, or grateful gourd,  
To morning market bear with jocund song:  
Into a lighter back these baskets light  
The warriors twine; nor Cupid when he floats.  
On some slight flower down his Indian stream,  
More fragile craft commands, than that which bears  
These haughty foemen to the awful War!

On the whole, the poet certainly grows stronger in his song as he proceeds; but we have our fears that it may be all in vain.

*Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri: Extinct Monsters of the Ancient Earth, with Twenty-eight Plates, copied from Specimens in the Author's Collection. By Thomas Hawkins, Esq., F.G.S., &c. &c. Imperial folio. London: Relfe & Fletcher.*

"EVERY generation of man," says our author, "is born to stare at something, which, as long as it eludes their understanding, is a very African Fetish to the many, and a Gordian knot to the few. There are mysteries which require a thousand years for their solution; grand phenomena that oppose high barrier to the human mind; lessons which teach us our own proper littleness, better than the starry language graven on the face of the nightly heaven, or the ten thousand ponderous tomes bequeathed us by the ancient times, of which they treasure the multifarious experience. Of these—few on account of their vastness—rare, because they require a seraph of our kind for their comprehension—geology is the most wondrous and sublime." Assuredly, seraphs of Mr. Hawkins's kind are by no means common; though he may comprehend geology, we cannot comprehend him; he is something which "eludes the understanding," and, we doubt, will prove a "very African Fetish to the many," as to us he certainly is a "Gordian knot."

Having made this unqualified profession of our ignorance and stupidity, we proceed, as in duty bound, to explain what we cannot understand, and favour our readers with some account of Mr. Hawkins's wonderful production, trusting that should we anywhere appear less lucid than usual, our readers will feel convinced that "there is a design in it," or, at most, allow us the benefit of the maxim above laid down—"there are mysteries which require a thousand years for their solution."

The first of Mr. Hawkins's geological ad-

ventures, at least the first which he records in his *Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri*, is sufficiently common, though the language in which he relates it is by no means so. He fell in love with his father's servant-maid.

"I began to dream of a beautiful girl—the daughter of one of the family domestics—at fourteen. P—— was twelve years old, with such sky-blue eyes and chestnut hair that I can never forget, and innocent as a lamb: I was a companionless tiger which left his lair to lie at her feet: P—— was the Rubicon—I dashed into her soul, lost my own in it, like Salmacis, and emerged into a new world—happy."

What a beautiful outbreak of a young and ingenuous mind! *Tiger* Hawkins, whose soul, as he informs us, "slept three summers and three winters a chrysalis,—the fourth, fifth, and sixth lived a butterfly,"—dashed into the soul of pretty little P——, and emerged happy, when, unfortunately, "a Will-o'-th'-Wisp, christened Accident—a monster—transfixed it with a Caliban bound to its back, as a boy does a caterpillar with a rusty nail." This is one of these little points at which we confess ourselves a little at fault; or rather, we perfectly understand, but cannot so easily explain it. However, it would appear from the context, that Mr. Hawkins was now bound on the back of his own soul, "like a caterpillar with a rusty nail"; and, as he afterwards informs us, that "the soul is an infinitely progressive faculty," we may presume he is in a fair way for a long journey, and wish him "good speed," or rather "fine weather," as the man in the moon did to Daniel O'Rourke. We can still less give any satisfactory information respecting little P——. We have not even ascertained whether she was an Ichthyosaurus or a Plesiosaurus, whether she had "three bones in her paddle," which would have constituted her a Triatrosostinus in Mr. Hawkins's system, or possessed "the head and bill of a snipe, with two hundred and sixty long, sharp teeth," such as the Chirostrongolostinus, figured pl. 13, and of which Mr. Hawkins says, "my heart fluttered when that gem of price was placed before my flashing eyes": we know not whether she possessed what the author terms "fascinating oryctological features," or might even have been "a ptero-dactyle, with a bird-and-bat-like conformation of body and extremities, giving rise to vagaries of thought as uncertain as the sombre twilight of the ungarnished and desolate world, which echoed to the flapping of her leathern wings;" nay, it has suggested itself to us, that she might have been, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "an allegory on the banks of the Nile,"—but after a deliberate review of all the facts laid before us, we have come to the conclusion, that this is another of those mysteries that require a thousand years for their solution, and that it affords one of those cases in which a special revelation from the author, of his own meaning, would be both justifiable and necessary. But turn we to another page, in our author's strange and chequered destiny. We have seen him a tiger, a chrysalis, a butterfly, fastened with a rusty nail on the back of his own soul, and sent to roam through limitless space,—we are next to behold him metamorphosed into one of his own darling formations, and almost rivalling Quibus Flestrin, the great man-mountain.

"I was a rock at the brink of a precipice;—

I looked down into an abyss without a bottom and in the dizziness of my brain longed to sound it, though an eternity would barely suffice it: my eyes wandered in search of some hand to tumble me over the edge—but they looked in vain. Again I looked into that gulf and again my brain twirled at the bare thought of the descent—yet no one drew near, and I had almost relapsed into that lethargy which lulls the spirit of general mankind throughout all generations, when fate—directing a poor man to a wreck of the wrecked old world, that she had stored for this end myriads of ages before the appearance of our race—hurled me over the giddy height; then commenced the cycle of my real existence.

"Deep after deep—darker and darker—meets my gaze:—faint sickly shadows that the everlasting future casts across the gulf—the Pierian stream and Avernus sacred to the infernal deities—are the only figures that confront me; behind I see nothing but a gigantic image of fate whose inexorable visage fills me with dismay, for every glance that I steal thereof consummates another weft of my chequered incomprehensible destiny, and ushers me into a new sign of that moral zodiac which I am destined to accomplish.

"I sometimes muse on the seeming accident—the chance—that cast me upon the irreversible thence—the moon—the limbo where matter and mind incessantly clash—the, in fact, literary world where the living famish upon the scant marrow of the bleached carcases of the dead, and scoop out with Mephistophilian claws the very souls of one another for want of better garbage upon which to prey."

This last reflection we feel to be rather personal; however, as we are abundantly good-natured, and, besides, are not at present "in want of better garbage," we shall keep our Mephistophilian claws out of Mr. Hawkins, soul and body, and leave him in limbo—"a rock, casting his eyes into an abyss without a bottom," while we give his description of the discovery of the Ichthyosaurus Chirologostinus—a discovery which filled his heart with so much gladness, as to cause him to break forth into immortal verse, the which we subjoin for the benefit of the reader.

"At this spot was seen two or three years ago a kind of peninsular rock, which had long defied the fury of the destructive current that a south-wester invariably propelled against it from the cob. There it abutted upon the angry waves, reft of its gravely covering by the storm, with its grey sides slowly crumbling beneath the frost and saline atmosphere; but its foundations sound and unmoved.

"Nature seems to have made this depository of the *chef-d'œuvre* of her ancient régime, for here was the Chirologostinus, her especial care, as had not the lias which composed it been more crystalline than is usual with that locality, it must have yielded to the tidal action, and so have sacrificed the precious charge it bore. But that venerable though tiny promontory is no more. What the warring elements failed in, curiosity achieves: the hand of man came upon it, and it departed like a shadow.

"The sun rose bright on the 26th day of July, 32, and the morning mists were hardly rolled from the hill's side ere many men busily engage with spade and pick-axe to humble the doomed summit of this cliff. Progress was also made on the following day, when people from the adjacent country flocked to witness the execution of a purpose which seemed to stagger their faith in our rationality. By next day's noon twenty thousand loads of earth, cast from the crown of the rock, constitute a good roadway to the beach from that part of it to which we had dug, and a few minutes more suffice to demonstrate the wonderful remain I tell of.

Who can describe my transport at the sight of the colossus! My eyes the first which beheld it—who shall ever see them lit up with the same unmitigated enthusiasm again! And I verily believe that the uncultivated bosoms of the working-men were seized with the same contagious feeling, for they and the surrounding spectators waved their hats to an hurra, that made hill and mossy dell echoing ring.

"And the rippling waters all sparkling and blue  
Of the hushed yet stern and mighty sea,  
The cradle of petrel and stormy curlew,  
Reflected a bright and more beautiful hue  
As with baffled old Time we made holiday.  
And the high—high heaven, green ocean and earth  
Rejoiced while of Time we made mock'ry and mirth.  
And the dreamy shadows of things that had been  
The fondled and petted of Time when young.  
That had occupancy first of this fiery terrene:—  
With the recent race of mankind they convene  
And of worshipful nature murmuring sung.  
And of Time we made sport with the spirits of yore  
Which flickered and flashed by that sun-shiny shore."

How good it was of the sun to rise bright on the 26th day of July, 32, and not to be like the "gaunt suns, unutterable," that Mr. Hawkins beheld amongst "ghosts of unfinished existencies," "moon's icy phantasies," and other strange beings that met his view, when "gliding adown the stream of time into the oblivious profound, where flit the unreal shadows of extinguished generations"! How beautiful, too, it must have been, to have seen Mr. Hawkins's eyes filled with twenty thousand loads of earth—no—we beg pardon, "with unmitigated enthusiasm,"—but, in fact, the "crown of the rock," and the other rock "casting its eyes into an abyss," had some way got confused in our head. We must, however, cease our reflections, and even pass over the singular fact announced at page 31, that Mog's quarry was found in the head of a *Chirologostinus*, (!) which we are inclined to set down as another allegory, to come to the—

*Colloquy between two Quarry-men over the Triatrosostinus.*

"I wonder what tes."  
"O a verry dragn a-maa-be."  
"One that stinged Moses a-maa-be: hæ."  
"Here's at 'un." A tremendous blow with the mallet.  
"How he do sound: I wonder of the stwoone be holler." Another tremendous blow.  
"'Tis vire stwoone—vire stwoone is terrible hard—het 'un agean, Jack."  
"Oh my Triatrosostinus! broke in half."  
"There's hes baak-bwoone."  
"An ther's hes ribs."  
"Have her got a head?" A blow follows the question that breaks the head and neck—or rather the slab, as the skeleton was buried in the centre of the stone—to eleven pieces.  
"No—norè bet o' a hed—no zine o' oone o' hes iys."  
"Dosten hit 'un in the right pleaze."  
"Hang the twood." Another miserable blow which separates the tail part.  
"What ell Measter Haakins zay?"  
"Oh we can tell that we didn't know what 'twere and wanted to zee a bit."  
"May heaven forgive me—Magna compone parvis,—I have never forgiven the Goths that sacked 'the Eternal City,' the infamous caliph that destroyed the Alexandrian library, nor these men: when I came to Street so opportunely, they had thrown away nearly the whole of the two anterior paddles and the whole of the posterior right one—they had reduced the fine flagstone to nearly thirty pitiful pieces, and stabbed the bones as a Spanish mata-dore does a bull—all over. But I should congratulate myself upon such fortune as fell to my lot and thank the stars and Cholera that it was no worse as (—had

I not arrived at that very four of the clock in the afternoon, how unhappy—) Bruin had resolved to chisel away the surface of the stone, never dreaming that the process would have swept away the bone too!"

The piety with which Mr. Hawkins thanks God for sending the cholera, in time to save this precious relic, shows the truly philosophic mind, which, wrapped in the immensity of its own researches, feels itself placed above being moved by such inconsiderable circumstances as the death of some thousands of fellow creatures: perhaps we should explain that the mode in which cholera, in this instance, led to such propitious results, was by frightening Mr. Hawkins out of London in time to arrive at Street before the chiselling began.

But we must conclude our notice of this work, which, for rare humour and original thought, has seldom been equalled. It is the largest jest-book we have ever seen.

It is adorned with twenty-eight magnificent plates, and a metaphorical frontispiece, intended, we should presume, to represent the author himself,—his head hid in the clouds, one leg resting on a "sombrous sand-bank," the other on a bed of antediluvian ferns, "leathern-winged" pterodactyls flit round his lofty brow, Plesiosaurs grovel at his feet, while an ill-looking Ichthyosaurus Chiroparamekostinos (*Hawkins*) jumps from its "fluviatile or lacustrine bed" at some "Briarean pentacrinite, Cupid's wing, plagiostoma, ostrea, echinal remains," or other tit-bit which the author, with an encouraging air, holds out to it in his right hand.

Possibly our readers may have some difficulty in seeing all this in the frontispiece, but they may be assured it only requires to be placed in a proper light.

The title-page is graced with a quotation "from the author's *inedited MSS.*," conveying the important information, that he "believes in the Scriptures," and "cannot pretend to understand much of them." This is very interesting.

On the whole, a careful perusal of this unpretending volume strongly inclines us to Mr. Hawkins's sage conclusion, that—"A *Daniel belongs to every age—one whose bosom nurses so heavenly a fire, that mankind acknowledges—a Titan confest!*"

*European Colonies, viewed in their Social, Moral, and Physical Condition.* By John Howison, Esq., Author of 'Sketches of Upper Canada.' London: Bentley.

THE author of this work is a man of intelligence and integrity, resolved to think for himself, and to publish his opinions boldly, regardless of the prejudices they may startle, or the authority to which they may be opposed. His views of colonial policy are consequently original; and this is in itself no small merit: their correctness is another, and a very different question, and one which it would not be fair to investigate until the complete work is before us, and time afforded for its examination. In the notice of Africa, —which occupies the first volume,—we have found much interesting matter, which we shall next week present to our readers. The second volume is devoted to India: Mr. Howison's views of British policy towards Hindústan contains much that seems erroneous, with much that is clearly excellent:



we shall hereafter endeavour to separate the grain from the chaff.

*Legends and Stories of Ireland. Second Series.*

By S. Lover, Esq., R.H.A. London: Baldwin & Cradock; Dublin, Wakeman.

Samuel Lover is the genuine historian of Irish fun, and Irish eccentricity; he reports with exquisite fidelity the odd notions which his imaginative countrymen form of men and things, notions by which sober Englishmen are at once amused and puzzled. The ready retort, the mixture of cunning with apparent simplicity, and the complete thoughtlessness combined with shrewdness, so frequently found in Ireland, have never been better portrayed than in these pages. Take for instance Barny O'Reidoun's introduction of himself to the skipper of an American vessel as a pilot:—

"Barny calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay, almost as directly in the way of his 'Nor-Aist coorse,' as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

"He was answered by a shrewd Yankee Captain.

"'Faix an its glad I am to see your honour again,' said Barny.

"The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so.

"'Oh troth I couldn't forget a gentleman so aisy as that,' said Barny.

"'You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess,' said the American.

"'Divil a taste,' said Barny, with inimitable composure and peticinity.

"'Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name.' The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barny now.

"'Your name, is it?' said Barny, gaining time by repeating the question, 'Why what a fool you are not to know your own name.'"

A still more perfect illustration of Irish character, is 'The Burial of the Tithe.' Mr. Stanley's phrase "extinction of tithe," was understood literally by the peasantry; and in many parts of Ireland, they resolved literally to honour their old enemy with a funeral. The personification of tithe in this acted joke displayed much ingenuity:—

"The interior of the house was crowded with guests, and the usual laughing and courting so often described, as common to such assemblages, were going forward amongst the young people. At the farther end of the largest room in the cottage, a knot of the older men of the party was engaged in the discussion of some subject that seemed to carry deep interest along with it, and at the opposite extremity of the same room, a coffin of very rude construction lay on a small table: and around this coffin stood all the junior part of the company, male and female, and the wildness of their mirth, and the fertility of their jests, over this tenement of mortality and its contents, might have well startled a stranger for a moment, until he saw the nature of the deposit the coffin contained.

"Enshrouded in a sheaf of wheat lay a pig, between whose open jaws a large potato was placed, and the coffin was otherwise grotesquely decorated."

Two tithe-proctors were forcibly seized, and compelled to act as mourners at this extraordinary solemnity, and the place of interment was humorously fixed at "the Devil's bit," a well known break in the mountain-range, between Tipperary and Limerick. The conclusion of the scene however, proves deeply affecting, a maniac beggar appears, who hurls some stones into the grave, and

accounts for his conduct by what may be termed, the Tithe's funeral oration:—

"'You all remember the widow Dempsey. The first choice of her bosom was long gone, but the son she loved was left to her, and her heart was quite lonely. And at the widow's hearth there was still a welcome for the stranger—and the son of her heart made his choice, like the father before him, and the joy of the widow's house was increased, for the son of her heart was happy.—And in due time the widow welcomed the fair-haired child of her son to the world, and a dream of her youth came over her, as she saw the joy of her son and her daughter, when they kissed the fair-haired child.—But the hand of God was heavy in the land, and the fever fell hard upon the poor—and the widow was again bereft,—for the son of her heart was taken, and the wife of his bosom also—and the fair-haired child was left an orphan. And the widow would have laid down her bones and died, but for the fair-haired child that had none to look to but her. And the widow blessed God's name and bent her head to the blow—and the orphan that was left to her was the pulse of her heart, and often she looked on his pale face with a fearful eye, for health was not on the cheek of the boy—but she cherished him tenderly.

"'But the ways of the world grew crooked to the lone woman, when the son, that was the staff of her age, was gone, and one trouble followed another, but still the widow was not quite destitute.—And what was it brought the heavy stroke of distress and disgrace to the widow's door?'—The tithe! The widow's cow was driven and sold to pay a few shillings; the drop of milk was no longer in the widow's house, and the tender child that needed the nourishment, wasted away before the widow's eyes, like snow from the ditch, and died: and fast the widow followed the son of her heart and his fair-haired boy.

"'And now, the home of an honest race is a heap of rubbish; and the bleak wind whistles over the hearth where the warm welcome was ever found; and the cold frog crouches under the ruins.

"'These stones are from that desolate place, and the curse of God that follows oppression is on them.—And let them be cast into the grave, and they will lie with the weight of a mountain on the monster that is buried for ever.'"

To turn from so painful a subject; let us see the source of consolation, proposed for Napoleon by his Irish admirers, when forced to believe in his overthrow. Forced, we say, because for a very long time, the Irish peasants disbelieved the history of his fall, and were persuaded that he would soon appear more triumphant than ever:—

"'Oh, thrue for you—think o' Bonyparty bein' a pris'nor like any other man, and him that was able to go over the whole world wherever he plazed, being obleeged to live an a rock.'

"'Aye,' said the repeater of the *spache*, 'and the villians to have him under that burnin' climax. I wonder what is it.'

"'I didn't hear Masther Frank say a word about that. Oh, what will my poor Bony do at all at all!'

"'By dad, it is hard for to say.'

"'Bygor!' said Terry Regan, who had been hitherto a silent listener, 'I dunna what the divil he'll do wid himself now, barrin' he takes to thrink.'

"'Faix, an' there is great comfort in the sup, sure enough,' said one of his companions."

'The Curse of Kishogue,' 'The Fairy Finder,' and 'Little Fairly,' are characteristic tales told with infinite humour, but an extract from them would require tedious ex-

planations, and they are too long to be quoted entire. We pass them by to renew our acquaintance with 'Judy of Roundwood,' well known to every visitor of the county of Wicklow, for her skill in punch-making, and her cutting off the final syllables of her words. She used to give a very amusing account of her interview with Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, who visited Judy as 'one of the lions' in their tour through Wicklow: we quote part of it, as faithfully reported by Lover:—

"Well, as I said, I brought in the *rash* an a cracked plate, and Sir Wal was *indig*; and, says he, How dar you bring the like to a dacent man?—And what do you think I said? says I, the *necess* is my *apol*. I thought he'd split himself wid the laughin'—So with that he went to readin' the po'thy an the walls; and at last he kem to one that a young *vag*—from the *Col*—the *Univer*—*Trin. Coll. Dub.* wrote an me—and I put my hand over it;—Don't read that, sir, says I—for I pertended not to know who he was, though I knew very well all the time;—don't read that, says I.—Why? says he.—Because, says I, 'twas written by a *vulga*, and 'twould shock your *sinsibil*, if any thing came under your *contempla* bordering on the *indel*.

"Then, says Miss Edge, that's very proper of you, Ju, says she.—Yis, ma'am, says I. I was always a *Dia*; for I have had a good *educa*.

"How could you have a good education? says Sir Wal.

"Bekase the gentlemn o' larnin comes to see Ju; and where would I larn *educa*, says I, if not from them?

"Why what gentlemn o' larnin' comes here? says Sir Wal.

"More than owns to it, says I—lookin' mighty signified at him.

"Indeed! says he.—Yis, says I—and one o' the gentlemn was no *gentlemn*, he was only a *vag*: for he put me in a *mag*;—but in general they are the rale quality, and I know a power o' them.

"Name one, says he.

"T. M. says I.

"Who's T. M.? says he.

"You're mighty ignorant, says I to Sir Wal. Wasn't that a good thing to say to him? I thought Miss Edge and he would die with the laughin'.

"Well, but who is T. M.? says he.

"Tom Moore, says I, the glory of Ireland, says I, crassin' myself.

"Oh, Moore the poet, says Sir Wal.

"By dad, he's no poet at all, says I; but a rale gentlemn; for he gev me half a crown."

We recommend this volume to all who love merriment, and as the number may be limited in these utilitarian days, we also recommend it to those who wish to study national characteristics.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'London at Night; and other Poems,' by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.—There is no scene fuller of poetry than the night-view of a vast and prosperous city—when the turmoil and pageantry of day is over, and silence, save when broken by the chimes of midnight, has dominion over its broad thoroughfares and most populous places. Whether we content ourselves with the mere outward appearance of the prospect, or speculate upon the fates and fortunes, the passions and the joys, comprised within the many homes it embraces—it gives us a theme for imaginations of the highest order and the sublimity of thoughts: and here it hath awakened the muse of a delicate and courtly lady—who, like ourselves, has loved to meditate upon our majestic

Thames, and our venerable Abbey, (which a sister-poetess has styled "an Architectural Epic,") when beheld at this solemn hour—and has cast aside the feelings of artificial life, for others more ennobling. She is, perhaps, in expression, too curious, and at the same time, too careless—a little too fond of long sonorous words—a little too neglectful of the pruning-knife—but her poem throughout gives token of an enthusiastic spirit, a heart overflowing with kindly affections, and a lively imagination, and we are, perhaps, something fastidious in asking for more. The passage we extract, part of her meditation upon the Thames, is a fair specimen of her style, in its strength and weakness:—

'Tis well to see heaven's glorious aspect there,  
Ev'n in the heart of turmoil and of care,  
Mingling upon the water's beauteous breast  
With glimpse of palaced streets, in massive rest  
Composed of structures of a thousand years,  
And those of yesterday, their last peers;  
Of fretted spires, that as they lessening rise,  
Glance like retorted lightnings to the skies,  
To which they point with never-ceasing aim,  
As though man's wandering fancy to reclaim  
To their fair land of promise, blue and bright,  
Stretching away to realms of living light,—  
'Tis well to see heaven's awful reflex there  
Softened and mellowed through the silvery air!  
While shine its glimmering rays—its bright cloud-isles,  
Like gleams and glimmings of its angels' smiles!  
A borrowed lustre all the scenery wears,  
And vested in enchanted guise appears;  
An overflow of beauty from the skies  
Seems pouring down on our bewildered eyes—  
Those skies that glorify the gladdened earth,  
Morn, eve, and night, with quick successive birth;  
Of changeful splendours, prodigal of joy,  
Lavish of brilliant wealth, without alloy—  
Their superfluity of loveliness  
Lending—o'erburthened with its rich excess—  
To earth, in luxury of munificence!  
Yet as I gaze, one painful throbbing sense  
Through my recoiling sense doth quivering dart,  
Chilling the trembling pulses of my heart.  
Alas! beneath thy bright and breezy wave  
That doth so gloriously the proud banks lave,  
How many victims of despair are laid!  
Not in the folding funeral-shroud arrayed—  
Not in the monumental mound composed—  
Not where the hallowed gates of death are closed  
'Gainst the light stranger's footsteps! Yet they sleep  
Well in their watery bed—the calm and deep!  
And oh! what'er the gloom spread darkling there,  
The intruder's desecrating step can ne'er  
Break in upon their last, their long repose,  
The silence of their cares and maddening woes!

There is much music and elegance in the ballad of the 'Careless Ladye,' at the close of the volume.

'The Vision of Heresies, and other Poems, by a Catholic Priest.'—*Truth's Triumph, a Poem on the Reformation*, by C. R. Bond.—Controversial books, like most other misfortunes, have not yet begun to falsify the old adage, by coming single. We never have the bane without the antidote—the attack without the defence; and all are triumphantly and undoubtingly right. At least the Catholic Priest, whose poem is before us, expresses his surety in his cause, in most vivacious and energetic language: while Mr. Bond, with no less self-satisfaction, though with more sobriety, maintains a contrary opinion in sonorous and smooth verse. It may be that we have for the first time, introduced these two doughty champions to each other; if so, let them finish the strife in all love and courtesy, and we shall be happy to hear from them again, when they have made peace.

*Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745.*—This work has remained longer than usual on our table, because it was little to our taste. Enough, and more than enough, has been written about "The Forty-five," and in one half the cruelties and persecutions said to have followed, we have no faith; but here is the gossip of all the garrulous old women of the time, collected together by a credulous partizan, who had an inordinate appetite for such nonsense, and so cordial a hatred of the adverse faction, that whoever seasoned highest was sure to please best. However, this is but an individual opi-

nion, and such as are not weary of the subject, and can bear a twice or a thrice told tale—for there is "damnable iteration" in the volume—may be better satisfied.

'*Belshazzar's Feast, a Sacred Lyrical Drama*, by William Ball.'—This could only receive a detailed notice, in consideration of our saying something in general on the composition of words for music, and the adaptation of music to words. We shall defer our remarks on this matter to another time and place. The present drama was written, it appears, under the inspiration of Martin's gorgeous picture, and has been throughout set to music by Mr. J. H. Griesbach: the overture to it, as our readers will remember, was performed at the Philharmonic Concerts.

'*Minor Morals.*'—Dr. Bowring, in this little volume, designs to render the principles of Bentham's theory of morals familiar to the rising generation, and for this purpose has collected a series of anecdotes, each of which illustrates a practical moral lesson. We do not quite agree with his general theory, but we are satisfied, that the anecdotes he has collected, will convey much instruction and much amusement to those, for whom his little volume is designed. There are some capital illustrations by George Cruikshank and William Heath. The monk exhibiting the sacred crows to Dr. Bowring, is inimitable.

'*The Library of American Biography*, conducted by Jared Sparks. Vols. I. and II.'—In a simple and unaffected preface, Mr. Sparks explains the nature and object of the work which he has undertaken to edit, and which will be doubtless a valuable addition to the libraries on the other side of the Atlantic; but the lives of those who have an European interest, as Brocken Brown, Wilson the ornithologist, and Captain John Smith, were already so well known to us, that we have found the work less interesting than we might otherwise have done. The first volume contains the lives of General Starck, Brown the novelist, Major General Montgomery, and Ethan Allen (contributed by the editor); the second, memoirs of Captain Smith and Wilson the ornithologist. These last move on ungracefully, from the circumstance of the writer having incorporated Wilson's letters and expressions with the narrative, using throughout the third person, a process about as ill-advised as that of the Italian rhymesters, who contribute the libretti of our operas, and when the heroine or hero has fretted out his passion in some grand strophe beginning "Il mio cor," &c., &c., having nothing better or more characteristic to put into the mouths of his or her companions, repeat the same over again, "Il suo cor." Such a change of persons destroys the freshness of the original correspondence.

'*Sermons for Families.*'—These are short, plain, and scriptural discourses; but, as we observed before on a similar volume, we have our doubts whether the doctrines of Christianity, to which they direct attention, can be learned from such very brief and slightly-constructed essays. There seems to be a strange mistake in the minds of preachers on the subject of plainness and simplicity. It is only sterling, unaffected, English expression, not the absence of every thing but oft-repeated citations, and commonplace remarks, which the people and the heads of families require to make sermons intelligible. This little volume, however, contains far more sound instruction than is usually found in sermons professedly simple.

'*England and France.* 2 vols.'—This is, avowedly, a new edition of the 'Comparative View of Social Life in England and France, from the Restoration to the French Revolution,' and of the continuation of that work, which appeared a few years after, under the title of 'Social Life in England and France, from the French Revolution

in 1789, to the second in 1830,' written by Miss Berry, the accomplished friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

'STANDARD NOVELS.'—This was from the first a favourite work of ours, and has certainly been carried on with great spirit. Volumes 38 and 39 contain 'The Bravo,' and 'The Heiress of Bruges.'

'*Debrett's Peerage.* 20th edition.'—*Lodge's Peerage.* 3rd edition.'—For many years Debrett's Peerage was absolutely disgraceful for its manifold blunders. This naturally suggested a rival publication, and Lodge's came forth, and was an acknowledged improvement. The proprietors of the original work then saw the necessity for exertion; Debrett's Peerage was put forth with under the careful revision of Mr. Courthope, the arms were re-engraved from admirable drawings by Harvey, and the present improved volume is the result. We will not say one word about preference, but sincerely hope, that both works may so far succeed, as to keep alive vigilance and attention, in the consciousness that there is an active rival in the field.

'*A Treatise on Singing*, by T. Williams.'—This work will hereafter be judged of by others, and its merits or demerits noticed in another department of this Paper. In the meantime, as the writer is a bit of a gossip, we shall extract a few of his scattered anecdotes.—"Webber, he observes, was a member of the Bath and Bristol companies, and one of his best characters was Paul, in 'Paul and Virginia.' For novelty sake, while the company was at Bath, a Mr. Bennett possessing not much voice, but considerable musical science, having studied under Rauzzini and some of the best masters in London—was introduced; and the consequence was that Webber, besides being superseded in a number of his characters, was at length compelled to resign his favourite part of Paul also. \* \* \* He took it so much to heart, and made such a piteous appeal to his friends at Bristol, that one, and all resolved to take up arms in his defence, and oppose this cruel rival. 'Gentlemen!' said Webber, with tears in his little grey eyes, 'if the man could sing the music in Paul, I would not complain; but he can't, gentlemen—I'll prove to you he cannot; he can't sing "boldly" up to A in his natural voice; and how, gentlemen, is it possible that any man can do justice to Paul, unless he can sing "boldly" up to A in his natural voice—or, as Mr. Rauzzini says, *di petto*?' Many of his friends were puzzled to know what *di petto* meant, when our vocalist explained. 'Bob,' says one—a mate of a West-Indian—'if it were only for the respect we have for you, we'd go and goose this lubber what's come down to cut you out; but since you say you can prove that he can't sing the music, nor sing up to this A, this *di petto*, you talk about, if he ever has the impudence to come Master Paul over us here, we'll all of us go to the theatre, and, by Saint Paul, we'll whizz him!' \* \* \* At length, Paul and Virginia was announced to be played in Bristol—Paul by the hated rival,—when a whole host of Webber's friends, a number of whom were sailors, repaired to the theatre, and planting themselves in various parts of the house (the sailors in the gallery), fully determined to ascertain whether this Bennett could sing 'boldly' up to A in his natural voice, which if he failed to do, was to betide him. The afterpiece commenced, the opening duet, 'See from ocean rising,' passing off quietly enough; but when the awful moment arrived—the scene with Alhambra,—lo! the attempt was a perfect failure! a child might have detected it. On the instant a simultaneous shout of exultation burst forth from various parts of the house—'Bob's right! Bob's right! he couldn't do it! Hurra! he can't sing up to A; —*di petto*—what does Bob call it?' and the



tars in the gallery gave three cheers. A considerable portion of the audience, which happened to be very numerous, could not conceive what was meant by the loud exclamation of 'Bob's right!' which, when explained, excited much mirth."

"Formerly, the copyright of a decent English opera would sell for a thousand guineas! Now, it seems, it will not fetch even a quarter of that sum. \* \* \* The Vauxhall songs in those days would always sell for a good round sum—now they are good for nothing; and if 'Vauxhall' be put on the title-page it damns the thing at once. 'Royal Gardens' has been tried; that would not do; even the united efforts of Braham and Miss Stephens failed to make a song popular. Old Weller, formerly a music publisher in Oxford-street, and before that a milkman in the same neighbourhood, (with whom the widow B— fell so deeply in love, as she gazed upon his chubby face whilst his brawny shoulders supported the pail, that soon after they were yoked as man and wife,) made, it is said, an ample fortune by the sale of these songs alone; and old Jemmy Hook, or, as he was facetiously called in his latter days, Signior Rampini, who used to boast that he had written more than a thousand songs, said that the competition for his favourite one, the copyright of which he sold for 100*l.*, was so great, that the ex-milkman, after endeavouring to strike a hard bargain over night at Vauxhall, and leaving him (Rampino) in a great rage, vowing he would not give a single farthing more than he then offered,—fearing lest the song should be sold to some other crotchety-and-quaver dealer—absolutely got out of his bed at four o'clock in a wet morning, and was soon after heard rapping at Rampino's door. Hook, suspecting it was Weller come about the song, went to the window, and throwing up the sash, there he beheld the milkman, and the bargain was absolutely struck amid a pelting shower."

"I remember there was a dispute a few years ago about the authorship of the music of 'Auld Robin Gray'; the Editor of the *Times* gave it to Lady Lindsay, and there were others for whom claims were laid. Now the fact is, that this beautiful recitative and air was composed by the Rev. W. Levees, of Wington, in Somersetshire, who died at an advanced age about seven or eight years ago, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing well."

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

MRS. FLETCHER.

It is with feelings of more than common regret that we have to notice the death of Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewsbury), on her way from Sholapore to Bombay—this took place on the 3rd of October last. It seems but yesterday since we offered her our best wishes for her health and happiness on the long and arduous pilgrimage she was about to undertake; and we cannot but mournfully remember the eager pleasure with which she anticipated beholding the riches of nature and antiquity in the gorgeous East, and how "she wished she could carry with her half the books in the British Museum." Alas! the eager and active spirit to which such aspirations were a second nature, is now at rest for ever!

We believe that our friend was a native of Warwickshire. We know that she was early in life deprived of her mother, and thenceforth called upon to take her place at the head of a large family, (then removed to Manchester) with the further trial of most precarious health. These circumstances are only mentioned as illustrative of the energy of her mind, which, under the pressure of so many of the grave cares of life,

could yet find time to dream dreams of literary distinction, and, in the course of a very few years, to convert those visions into realities. An extract from a private letter which has fallen into our possession, dated but a short time before she left England, gives us an opportunity of referring to the progress of her mind in her own words.

"The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself, I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand. I wish in vain for the simplicity that neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labour has, in some measure, supplied the deficiencies of early idleness and common-place instruction; intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course; I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and of sadness is come now, and with my foot on the threshold of a new life and a new world,

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away this life of care."

It was at an early period of her life that she ventured to address a letter to Wordsworth, full of the impatient longings of an ardent and questioning mind—it is sufficient proof of its reception to state, that this led to a correspondence, and thence to a permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the development of her talents, and bringing their fruits before the public, by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alaric Watts, at that time resident in Manchester; an obligation which she was always ready gratefully to acknowledge.

Her first work, we believe, was entitled 'Phantasmagoria, or Essays on Life and Literature,' which was well received by the public. This was followed by her 'Letters to the Young,' written soon after a severe illness; her 'Lays for Leisure Hours,' and, lastly, her 'Three Histories,' all of which have been deservedly popular. But many of her best writings are, unfortunately, scattered abroad. She contributed some of their brightest articles to the *Annals* during the season of their prosperity: of these we mention at random—'The Boor of the Brocken,' in the 'Forget-Me-Not'; 'The Hero of the Coliseum,' in the 'Amulet,' and the 'Lovers' Quarrel,' in the 'Literary Souvenir.' Many of her poems, too, dispersed in different periodicals, deserve to be collected; in particular, 'The Lost Spirit,' and the 'Phantom King,' written on the death of George the Fourth. During the years 1831 and 1832 she contributed many delightful papers to our own columns, and we need not remind our readers that 'The Oceanides,' perhaps her last literary labours, appeared there.

But we think that all these, excellent as they were, are only indications of what she might and would have achieved, had further length of days been permitted to her; that such was her own opinion, may be gathered from further passages in the same letter from which we have already quoted.

"I can bear blame if seriously given, and accompanied by that general justice which I feel due to me; banter is that which I cannot bear, and the prevalence of which in passing criticism, and the dread of which in my own person, greatly contributes to my determination of letting many years elapse before I write another book."

"Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon; it is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one like myself is at last seized upon by a blended passion for knowledge and for truth, he has pro-

bably committed himself by a series of jejune efforts—the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of mere cleverness clings to his name. I would gladly burn almost everything I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered, somewhat at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

"I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, may mature—may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will—

I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart.

"My 'Three Histories' has most of myself in them, but they are fragmentary. Public report has fastened the 'Julia' upon me; the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after opinions are correct; but all else is fabulous.

"In the best of everything I have done, you will find one leading idea—*Death*: all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow; from having *learned* life rather in the vicissitudes of man than woman, from the mind being *Hebraic*. My poetry, except some half dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion; but in all you would find the sober hue, which, to my mind's eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset and the bright green of spring—and is seen equally in the 'temple of delight' as in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, cheerful on principle."

We can add little to these interesting confessions of one whose sincerity could well be relied upon. In conversation Mrs. Fletcher was brilliant and eloquent: she was active in serving others as well as herself—and we feel, as we record her untimely death, that a friend has been taken away from us, as well as a bright ornament from the female literature of this country.

## THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Preliminary Notice.

THE recurrence, in the metropolis, of one of those splendid concentrations of musical talent, which have had so sensible an influence upon the progress of the art in England, has, in our eyes, an interest beyond the mere pleasure of the moment. Such an epoch as the present, involuntarily makes us look back at the past; it brings before our eyes the changes which time has made in the arts—and no less in the manners and habits of society. Considering the performances which are at hand in this point of view, we have thought it well to preface our report upon them, with a few words touching the Commemoration of Handel, with which the present meeting will most naturally be compared.

Doctor Burney's account of "this celebrity," (as he himself styles it) with its preliminary sketch of the life of Handel, and its curious plates of the Abbey orchestra, with the lady performers with powdered heads, and the gentlemen in tie-wigs, has become a standard work in all libraries devoted to the fine arts—and, from the circumstance of its being put forth in an imposing form, we may see, that in its day, it was considered as a work of no trifling importance. But, on turning over its leaves, we were strikingly impressed with the conviction that we have not stood still since it was written, either in the value of subjects whereon to criticise, or

\* Rampino is the Italian word for crotchety or Hook.

in the closeness and intelligence of our musical criticisms. The style of the memoir is elegant and polished, but the opinions it conveys are more vague and indiscriminating than would now be allowed to pass under such high authority, and many of the minor matters of interest belonging to such an occasion, are left totally untouched. We will go over it hastily, in company with our readers.

The Commemoration Festival was planned originally by Lord Fitzwilliam and Sir W. W. Wynn; and the promoters of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the concert of Antient Music took the matter up, and matured the scheme. The performances took place on the 26th and 29th of May, (with an intermediate concert at the Pantheon) and the delight which they gave was so great, and London so full "at that late period of the season," (as Dr. Burney remarks) that the directors gave two supplementary oratorios on the mornings of the 3rd and 5th of June.

This brings us to a comparison of the schemes of the oratorios in 1784 with those of 1834. The compendiousness of the selections for the Commemoration permits us to give the schemes entire.

#### First Morning:

**Part 1.**—The Coronation Anthem. Overture *Esther*. The Dettingen Te Deum.

**Part 2.**—Overture, with Dead March in *Saul*. A Selection from the Funeral Anthem; and the 'Gloria Patri' from the *Jubilate*.

**Part 3.**—'O sing unto the Lord,' Anthem, and Chorus, 'The Lord shall reign,' from *Israel in Egypt*.

**Second and Fourth Mornings.**—*The Messiah*.

**Third Morning.**—The same selection as on the first, with the change of the overture to *Tamara* for that of *Saul*, and the additions of the first grand Concerto, the fourth Hautbois Concerto, 'Jehovah crowned,' Air and Chorus from *Esther*, and 'Girl on thy Sword,' from *Saul*.

On comparing these schemes with the infinitely more various and interesting ones of the coming "celebrity," we cannot but notice how completely "Giant Handel" has maintained his ground among us, even to the present day—and yet, at the same time, what large additions and improvements music has received in the course of the last fifty years. Some, indeed, hold that the art has reached the summit of perfection, and must now descend. Dr. Burney, it is true, repeatedly alludes to several of Handel's songs being even then considered a little antiquated—but this very circumstance makes us feel the more intensely the peerless magnificence of his choruses, and their supremacy over those of all other writers, which the lapse of fifty additional years has not been able to shake. And we may notice, that on the coming occasion we shall hear many more of his best works than were performed at the meeting devised for the express purpose of doing honour to his memory: as we are promised the whole of 'Israel in Egypt,' which stands alone even among his sublime works; selections from 'Samson,' and 'Judas Maccabeus,' besides the 'Messiah.'

But, in addition to what we have preserved, the sterling value of which is only increased by time, we have to remark on the immense accession of strength which music among us has received since the days of the Commemoration—and in so doing, it is sufficient to mention the names of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, whose works have since then been naturalized in this country. Though Handel stands alone in the dignity of his choral effects, it is to these three mighty masters that we owe all the gorgeous variety of modern orchestral music; and by the 'Creation'—the 'Requiem' (a composition of which we can hardly write or think calmly)—and the 'Mount of Olives,' each of them has enriched our store of

sacred compositions with a work of new and commanding excellence. But they have enlarged the sphere of our pleasures—not obliterated the power of enjoying those which belong to an earlier period. We do not admire Handel in his really admirable points one whit less than our forefathers did—but we can now admire many in addition to him.

We cannot speak of the engagements of the Commemoration without involuntarily glancing at the state of the musical profession amongst us at the present day. The singers in 1784 were these: *Soprani*—Madame Mara, Miss Harwood, Miss Cantelo, Miss Abrams, Miss T. Abrams, and Signor Pacchierotti, (*musico*) for the concert at the Pantheon. (Had we been bent upon precisely following the steps of our forefathers, what a splendid *fête* might we have given in the building as it now stands!) *Contralti*—The Rev. Mr. Clerk, Mr. Dyne, Mr. Knyvett. *Tenori*—Mr. Harrison, Mr. Norris, Mr. Corfe. *Bassi*—Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Champness, Mr. Reinhold, Signor Tascia, Mr. Mathews. Here we see (on looking over the long list of performers engaged for our own festival) that, as formerly, we cannot avoid resorting to foreign assistance, even setting aside the operatic Italians as a superfluous luxury—and that at the head of the *Cantatrici* stand Madame Caradori and Madame Stockhausen, and (we hope) Madame Malibran, whose oratorio singing we can hardly fancy surpassable even by the redoubtable Mara herself. But we are sure that there was no one of the native *artistes* who appeared at the Commemoration, comparable to Miss Stephens or Mrs. W. Knyvett; nor any of the men worthy to stand beside Phillips. Since then, Billington, Bartleman, and Braham have arisen, and passed (or are fast passing) away: but, on the whole, we cannot but confess that though we have still many excellent singers among us, there has not been that increase of excellence in this respect, which we think fifty years should have produced.

The orchestra, in Dr. Burney's time, consisted of upwards of five hundred performers—we should suppose that, upon the present occasion, it will perhaps reach another hundred in number. In place of Mr. Joah Bates we have Sir George Smart; Messrs. Cramer, Weichsell, Mori, Spagnoletti, and Cooke, instead of the *one* leader of the Commemoration Festival, William Cramer—and a host of sub-conductors in place of Dr. Arnold, and Messrs. Dupuis and Simpson. We are now used to the *sacbut* (trombones)—the first introduction of which to the orchestra Dr. Burney mentions as having taken place on this occasion—we are accustomed, too, to find as much pleasure in Mozart's exquisite additions to the 'Messiah,' of parts for the wind instruments, as the memorialist (to use his daughter's language) declares he found in the pastoral symphony performed by the stringed instruments *alone*. The price of admission to the best seats is double what it was then, though our tickets are not garnished as those for the Commemoration appear to have been, with devices from the pencils of Smirke, Rebecca, and Cipriani.

To conclude this prefatory gossip—we have been used to hear the Abbey meeting of 1784 alluded to as the *one* performance: we are anxiously interested that the present may merit and receive the same proud distinction for many years to come. The choruses should be more compact and perfect than they were formerly: otherwise the numerous choral societies since formed have been founded in vain—the band fifty years better. We hope, and have little doubt that such will be the case:—and have set the portals of our ears wide open to hear what has been done for music in England since its last jubilee in the Metropolis.

Since we wrote the above, the note of preparation has been sounded; the first rehearsal has

taken place. We have always, on such occasions, a thrilling curiosity as to the opening performance, and anticipate the first sounds of the great orchestra, the first chords of the chorus, with an eagerness which can be only understood by those as music-mad as ourselves. Doctor Burney shared it, for he particularly mentions the lively delight given by the sound of the tuning of the instruments, with the tones of the majestic organ heard above them all. Yesterday, however, the eye had nearly as much to do as the ear; and the first view of the interior arrangements, with the sumptuous box prepared for the Royal party, and the orchestra piled tier above tier against the great western window, could not fail to strike us; and when we were familiarized with the sight, it was a new pleasure to watch the effect of the first glimpse upon the company as they entered, and the performers as they poured into the orchestra. It was interesting to catch the talk of those who had been present at the Commemoration—"how the Royal box was placed much higher then than it is now, and how the company were diverted to see the Maids of Honour in their hoops and high heads getting over the benches." Nothing that could be done to facilitate the entrance of the audience, and to make them comfortable when entered, has been left undone; the temporary decorations have a solid and rich appearance, which gives a feeling of security particularly pleasant on such an occasion; the scene, in short, was sufficiently gay, though the Abbey was by no means full. On Tuesday it will be gorgeous—almost distractingly so to those who would fain not lose a note of song or chorus, but cannot prevent their eyes from wandering. With respect to the music, we have no right minutely to report upon a rehearsal, and shall, therefore, be content with saying that it *promised well*—that the singers seem resolved to do their utmost to make the Festival what it should be; we may say at least as much for the band and chorus. The superiority in numbers of the latter over other orchestras, we have heard, as we expected, makes itself principally felt in the *mezzo-forte* and *piano* passages, which have a rich softness of effect that is positively delicious. The numbers of voices and instruments are well balanced; we are not sure that it was judicious to place the choruses so completely at the sides as has been done, though it would be hard, we confess, to find another situation for them. Our ears are so full of the beautiful harmonies of the 'Creation,' and we are so strongly tempted to write to the measure of the minuet in the overture to 'Simpson,' (one of those things which will never grow old,) that we had better lay our pen aside for this week.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The indefatigable Mr. Burford is now exhibiting another panoramic view, in Leicester-square, of the city of New York. Mounting the stairs which lead to these exhibitions, is the next thing to mounting the enchanted carpet of the Prince in the Arabian Nights—they bear us almost as easily to foreign shores and stranger cities. Now we know, from having seen it, what New York is like; truly, an English town, neither more nor less—with its wide streets, and irregular rows of modern brick houses—nothing particular or characteristic struck us in building, passenger, or vehicle, save the name of Mr. Peabody, over a book store. We must, however, yield the splendid Hudson river, as exceeding any which our British cities possess. The execution of particular parts of this picture is feeble, but, on the whole, it was highly interesting.

Our readers are probably aware that the pleasure-hunting part of the public have been this week amused with a novel sort of exhibition, got

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up for the benefit of the Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. It was a *fête champêtre*, given at Cremorne House, situated on the banks of the Thames, at Chelsea, and the programme announced infinite entertainments, including gymnastic displays, Hungarian dances in costume, performances on the *corde volante*, equestrian sports, a tournament, and a boat race. We are happy to see that our contemporaries were well pleased and satisfied; for ourselves—but no matter, it was all for charity.

As we were the first to make the English public acquainted with the singular history of Gaspar Hauser, we naturally feel an interest in all that relates to him. The French papers now report that the Bavarian government has ordered all books and pamphlets, which contain anything relating to him, to be seized, but have directed that the legal investigation into the extraordinary circumstances of his life and death shall be continued.

We had pleasure in observing among the audience, at the Philharmonic on Monday, the Chevalier Neukomm, who, we suppose, has returned to England for the Birmingham Festival, and whom we were glad to see looking in good health and spirits.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 12 and 19.—On the latter evening, (—Bailey, Esq., V.P., in the chair,) Mr. Faraday concluded his *Eighth Series of Experimental Researches*. This series is principally devoted to a consideration of the Electricity of the Voltaic Pile; its source, quantity, intensity, and general characters. The question, of whether its origin is in the contact of dissimilar metals, or in chemical action on one of the two metals, is considered, and decided by the author in favour of the latter; and in proof, he brings forward experiments of an exceedingly elementary and striking kind. Thus, if a plate of amalgamated zinc have a drop of diluted sulphuric acid put on any part of it, chemical action to any sensible amount will not take place; but if a piece of platinum, which touches the zinc at any distant part, be made also to touch the drop of acid, chemical action does ensue; the zinc is oxidized at the expense of the water of the dilute acid, and an electric current is occasioned, in conformity with that oxidation. Removing the platinum, let a drop of solution of iodide of potassium be put on any other part of the zinc plate, and let the platinum be applied to it and the zinc, as before was done with the dilute acid; action will then take place, and an electric current will pass from the zinc, through the solution, to the platinum, and so round back to the zinc. But if the platinum be now prevented from touching the zinc, but at the same time made to touch the two drops of fluid, then there is no metallic contact. Notwithstanding this deficiency of contact, however, there is excitation of a voltaic current, and there is also true voltaic decomposition, for the drop of acid excites a current in the same direction as it did before, and this current passing through the solution of iodide of potassium, causes its decomposition, reversing the direction which its elements would take, if subject only to their own action on the zinc and platinum, the iodine appearing against the latter metal, instead of being rendered against the former.

By these and such like experiments, Mr. Faraday shows that the first excitation of the voltaic current is due to chemical action, as well as its continuance. He further shows, that the quantity of electricity evolved, is exactly proportionate, in rightly adjusted experiments, to the zinc oxidized, or the water decomposed. He further shows, that the acid in the cells does not

evolve, by combination with the oxide formed, any sensible portion of the electric current; and he shows that the decompositions in the experimental cells and elsewhere, are merely the consequence of the chemical action in the cells of the trough, being, as it were, produced by the surplus of energy there exerted, being in conformity with the direction taken up by the elements in the cells, and constantly opposing a certain amount of force to the transmission of the electric current, which increases with the strength of the affinities concerned in resisting the decomposition, and is overcome more or less readily, in proportion as the affinities in the exciting part of the apparatus—that is, the trough, are exalted.

In the course of his paper, Mr. Faraday enters into a development and comparison of the initial intensities of the currents of electric or chemic force, which he seems to consider as the same; he then extends his views to associated voltaic circles, or the voltaic battery; to the resistance offered by a decomposing electrolyte to the passage of the current; to the peculiar use and necessity of an electrolyte in the construction of the voltaic battery, and to the general condition and nature of a voltaic battery, when used either in its usual, mixed, or in its more philosophical and accurate condition—for all of which we must refer our readers to the paper when published.

A paper was subsequently read on the *Teredo Navalis* and *Limnoria Terebrans*, by —Thompson, Esq., Secretary to the Society for promoting Natural History, at Belfast; the author stated, that the *Teredo*, supposed to have disappeared from these islands, has recently done much injury to the pier erected at Portpatrick, where it has been found of the unusual length of two feet. He combated the opinion, that it was an imported animal, stating that its shell had been found in a piece of timber, dug up in the excavation of a dock at Belfast, which, from its situation, must have been deposited before there was any intercourse with the Indian seas.

Papers on the *Sphinx Ligustica*, by —Newport, Esq., and on the *Torpedo*, by J. Davy, Esq., were read; they were too strictly physiological to interest general readers;—after which the Society adjourned to the 20th of November.

The Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Teignmouth, the Hon. Sir George Rose, and the Hon. Capt. Elliott, Secretary of the Admiralty, attended, and took their seats as Fellows.

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

June 5.—H. Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The attention of the Society was occupied by a further reading of Mr. Y. Ottley's paper, 'On the MS. of Aratus.'

June 12.—H. Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, exhibited to the Society a coloured drawing of a window in Long Melford Church, in Suffolk, exhibiting a kneeling full-length portrait of Sir William Howard, some time Chief Justice of England. Mr. Howard also laid before the Society lithograph prints of portraits of other ancestors of his distinguished family.

Sir Henry Ellis read part of a letter addressed by Sir Frederick Madden to Mr. Gurney, giving an account of the Seigneur Gruthans, a Flemish nobleman, afterwards known as Louis de Bruges, who gave an asylum to Edward IV. of England at the time of his exile, during the ascendancy of the Earl of Warwick, and to whom Edward subsequently granted the title of Earl of Winchester, together with the armorial bearings of that title, and a pension of 200*l.* per annum, payable out of the revenues of the county of Hants, and the dues of the port of Southampton. These were, however, cancelled by Henry VII. on being put at his disposal by the grantee. Louis de Bruges appears to have been a great patron of literature, and Sir Frederick Madden has

collected much interesting historical matter with reference to him in connexion with the library he formed, and has traced some of the more valuable existing manuscripts of that age, and some early examples of printing, to that nobleman's influence, and the repetition of some of the former to his example.

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

June 17.—A paper by the Secretary was read, containing an account descriptive of the new ornamental plants raised in the Society's garden, from seeds received from Mr. Douglas in N.W. America. It was in continuation of a portion read a short time ago, and since printed in the Society's Transactions. The plants on which it principally treated were of the genera *Leptosphon*, *Gilia*, *Phacelia*, *Nemophila*, &c. The exhibition was not extensive, but it contained some very beautiful flowers: the roses were especially admired, and, as each variety had its name conspicuously attached to it, the Fellows of the Society had the opportunity at a glance to witness the designation of whatever proved most attractive to them. They were almost all from the garden of the Society, which is exceedingly rich in these plants. Some excellent specimens of *Cypripedium*, *Cycnches*, *Loddigesii*, and *Pentstemon speciosus*, were on the table, and a new scarlet variety of the latter genus, called *P. splendens*. A seedling pine-apple and some cherries, the produce of trees imported by the Society from Nassau Dietz, possessed much merit.

The names of the successful competitors at the garden exhibition on the 7th inst., were announced on this occasion. Three gold medals, nine large silver, and thirteen Bankian medals, were awarded, the fineness of the weather, the goodness of the show, and the numerous attendance of visitors (nearly 3000), contributing to make it one of the most delightful recreations of the season.

Five gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society, and Dr. Biazioletto of Trieste, and J. N. Tweedy, Esq., of Port au Prince, Foreign Corresponding Members.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society ( <i>Scientific Business</i> ).....	8, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature ....	Three, P.M.

## MUSIC

### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

We are sorry to have to record the last of these pleasant meetings for this season, as having taken place on Monday last. The symphonies were Haydn's No. 2. and Beethoven's in *c* minor. The former went well, and its graceful, and fresh, and slow movement, was *encored*: the latter was not so precisely given as it should have been—there is nothing in music finer than its slow movement; and its *scherso*, with the gorgeous and triumphant *finale* which follows, never fail to excite us to the highest possible degree. The solo-players were Mrs. Anderson, who did not give its full effect to Beethoven's Concerto in *E* flat—the stringed instruments employed in its accompaniment were too few in number—and Madame Filipowicz, who performed a Fantasia on the violin with sufficient skill and feeling to give our ears great pleasure, while our eyes told us that the instrument is not one for ladies to attempt. Grisi, Canadori, and Braham, gave us nothing vocal calling for any particular remark. The overtures were 'Egmont,' and Weber's 'Jubilee Overture.' Mr. Neate conducted. Here, too, we must have a parting word of counsel, and we would beg of the directors to reconsider the position of the instruments in their band before another season—the violas are lost



in their present place, and the violoncellos overpowered by the double-basses. The leader's desk, too, should be nearer the conductor, and the latter placed in such a conspicuous situation as to have entire command over the whole orchestra.

### THEATRICALS

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

'CORIOLANUS' was represented here on Monday last, in order to re-introduce Mr. Vandenhoff to a London audience, or rather, considering the years which have elapsed since his former appearance, to introduce him to a new generation of play-goers. Mr. Vandenhoff's stay on the occasion we have mentioned, was but brief. He came out, if our memory serves, in 'Lear'—having been engaged, by the then Covent Garden management, upon the strength of his provincial reputation, for one season if not more. His performance of the part was not entitled to be stigmatized as a failure, but it was certainly not what is called "a hit," and therefore, in that spirit of total disregard of every body and every thing except self, which usually characterizes "enlightened," "liberal," and "spirited" managers, he was forthwith put down into inferior parts, in order to induce him to throw up his engagement in disgust. The desired effect was, we believe, produced, and Mr. Vandenhoff returned to the provinces, and finally to Liverpool, where he was re-instated upon the throne he had abdicated, and where, until lately, he has remained. Having been obliged to leave the theatre early in the evening, we can only speak, from personal observation, of a part of Mr. Vandenhoff's performance, and even during that part, our attention was so distracted by the injudicious and outrageous clamour of the performer's friends, that we are scarcely in a condition to offer a just opinion of his merits. Perhaps the most vivid of all our early theatrical recollections is that of the indescribable grace and grandeur of Mr. John Kemble's first entrance upon the stage, in the character of *Coriolanus*. It was an appearance never to be effaced from the memories of those who saw it. It is a remembrance which goes far to console us for the additional years with which we have purchased it. Shakespeare must have had some kind of prophetic feeling, that John Kemble would one day exist, or he would never have written the part—and Dame Nature, having created John Kemble to do this honour to the memory of her favourite poet, destroyed, as we fear, the mould. Tried by such a standard, any body must have been found wanting—but, as far as we saw, Mr. Vandenhoff was judicious and sensible. He has had great experience, and seems to understand his business thoroughly, that is to say, as far as the first grand desideratum—the art or "ars" of acting; but we are not yet prepared to accord him the higher praise of possessing the "*ars celare artem*." Good judges, however, who witnessed the whole performance on Monday, have spoken to us of it in terms of very high approbation, and the papers appear, with one accord, to admit that Mr. Vandenhoff had not justice done to him on his first visit to London, and that he is at all events a considerable acquisition to the stage in its present state.

If managers will persist in the system of puffing actors and plays in their own bills, why won't they puff in good English? The first paragraph inserted about Mr. Vandenhoff ran a race with some of the most absurd we ever quoted from the bills of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and won it with ease by a length. We regret that it has escaped our memory. Somebody gave a hint about it, we suppose, for it has disappeared, but its successor was not written (we should opine) by either Sheridan, Walker or Lindley Murray. Here is its commencement—"In con-

sequence of the unanimous applause and increasing popularity of Mr. Vandenhoff in the character of *Coriolanus*," &c.—so that it would appear that Mr. Vandenhoff, while he is playing *Coriolanus*, goes on increasing in popularity and in unanimously applauding himself.

A new drama, entitled 'The Sledge-Driver,' was produced on Thursday with well-deserved success. The scene is laid in Russia, and the first act passes in the time of the Emperor Paul, of strangled memory. Being enraged against a young Lady of the Court, for daring to have attracted to herself the affections of the Grand Duke Alexander, the playful tyrant, with ferocious facetiousness, orders her to choose a husband from among her equals, and directs that the marriage shall be solemnized *sur le champ*. On her refusal, he cuts the matter short, by having her united to the first man who comes to hand. This happens to be a certain *Ivan Danielloff*, a sledge-driver, who was engaged to her own waiting-woman, and, the ceremony concluded, the "happy" pair are packed off to pass the "honey" and all other moons in Siberia. Here ends the first act. A period of five years being supposed to elapse, we find, at the commencement of the second, that Paul has been succeeded by Alexander, who, to make all possible amends for the brutality of his father, has recalled the exiles, and now proposes to dissolve the unequal match, and pension off the sledge-driver. It appears that Ivan, during the five years, has never ventured to consider himself more than the nominal husband of the young Countess; that he has toiled for her, watched over her, and, in short, been to her, as he himself says, "something less than a brother—something more than a dog." His respectful kindness to her, and her graceful gratitude to him, have laid the foundations of a mutual attachment, which takes the decided shape of declared love on both sides, the moment they find they are about to be separated for ever. Alexander sympathizes with the generous behaviour he witnesses, catches a spark of it, consents to their remaining man and wife, and, to equalize matters, makes the honest sledge-driver a Count. The piece thus terminates, as it should, with virtue rewarded. Without any first-rate talent on the part of those concerned in the representation of this pretty and interesting drama, they yet, one and all, exerted themselves so loyally, and so creditably, that it went through with uninterrupted smoothness, and so as to make one forget all about its being a first night. The performers, as far as we can recollect them, were Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Humby, Mr. Frederick Vining, Mr. Brindal, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Strickland, and Mr. Haines. Where all did so well, it would be unjust to select for praise; we shall, therefore, only say, that those did best who had most to do, and that, as a whole, their efforts were highly creditable to the establishment. The drama is written by Mrs. J. R. Planché, and she has executed her task with considerable force and feeling in the serious parts, and with much lady-like humour in the comic. The audience, by their applause to the one, and their laughter at the other, fully bore us out in this opinion.

### MISCELLANEA

*Exportation of Ice from Boston to Calcutta.*—The supplying of ice to the West Indies and the Southern States of the Union, has, it appears, become, within these few years, an extensive branch of trade at Boston, U.S. The originators of this scheme determined last year to extend their operations, and try how far it was practicable to transport a cargo to Calcutta. The result was most successful; and we copy from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* the following interesting particulars as to the mode adopted, which appears to have been furnished by the American agent.—The ponds from which

the Boston ice is cut are situated within ten miles of the city. It is also procured from the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers in the State of Maine, where it is deposited in ice houses upon the banks, and shipped from thence to the Capital. A peculiar machine is used to cut it from the ponds in blocks of two feet square, and from one foot to eighteen inches thick, varying according to the intensity of the season. If the winter does not prove severe enough to freeze the water to a convenient thickness, the square slabs are laid again over the sheet ice, until consolidated, and so recut. The ice is stored in warehouses constructed for the purpose at Boston. In shipping it to the West Indies, a voyage of 10 or 15 days, little precaution is used. The whole hold of the vessel is filled with it, having a lining of tan about four inches thick upon the bottom and sides of the hold, and the top lifts covered with a layer of hay. The hatches are then closed, and are not allowed to be opened till the ice is ready to be discharged.

For the voyage to India, a much longer one than had been hitherto attempted, some additional precautions were deemed necessary for the preservation of the ice. The ice-hold, an insulated house extending from the after part of the forward hatch to the forward part of the after hatch, about 50 feet in length, was constructed as follows:—A floor of one-inch deal planks was first laid down upon the dunnage at the bottom of the vessel: over this was strewed a layer one foot thick of tan, that is, the refuse bark from the tanners' pits, thoroughly dried, which is found to be a very good and cheap non-conductor; over this was laid another deal planking, and the four sides of the ice-hold were built up in exactly the same manner, insulated from the sides of the vessel. The pump, well, and main mast were boxed round in the same manner. The cubes of ice were then packed or built together so close as to leave no space between them, and to make the whole one solid mass; about 180 tons were thus stowed. On the top was pressed down closely a foot of hay, and the whole was shut up from access of air, with a deal planking one inch thick, nailed upon the lower surface of the lower deck timbers; the space between the planks and the deck being stuffed with tan.

On the surface of the ice, at two places, was introduced a kind of float, having a gauge rod passing through a stuffing box in the cover, the object of which was to note the gradual decrease of the ice as it melted and subsided bodily.—The ice was shipped on the 6th and 7th of May, 1833, and discharged in Calcutta, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th September, making the voyage in four months and seven days.—The amount of wastage could not be exactly ascertained from the sinking of the gauges, because on opening the chamber it was found that the ice had melted between each block, and not from the exterior only in the manner of one solid mass as was anticipated. Calculating from the rods and from the diminished draught of the ship, Mr. Dixwell estimated the loss on arrival at Diamond Harbour to be fifty-five tons. Six or eight tons more were lost during the passage up the river, and probably twenty in landing. About one hundred tons were finally deposited in the ice house on shore, a lower room in a house at Brightman's ghaut, rapidly floored and lined with planks for the occasion.—So effectual was the non-conducting power of the ice house on board, that a thermometer placed on it did not differ perceptibly from one in the cabin. From the temperature of the water pumped out, and that of the air in the run of the vessel, Mr. Dixwell ascertained that the temperature of the hold was not sensibly affected by the ice. Upon leaving the tropic and running rapidly into the higher latitudes,

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it retained its heat for some time, but after being several weeks in high latitudes, and becoming cooled to the temperature of the external air and sea, it took more than ten days in the tropics before the hold was heated again to the tropical standard.

**Consumption of Sugar in France.**—At the last sitting of the *Société Statistique Universelle* at Paris, some curious statements were made from ancient documents, relative to the consumption of sugar in France at different periods. It appears that during the reign of Henry IV. sugar was so scarce, that it was sold by the ounce at the apothecaries'. In 1700, the total consumption was not more than a million kilogrammes, but it increased so rapidly in the eighteenth century, that in 1789, the consumption was 23 million kilogrammes. The wars of the Revolution, and the exorbitant duty which Napoleon imposed upon foreign productions, reduced the consumption in 1812, for the whole French empire, which was then composed of 44 million inhabitants, to 7 million kilogrammes. After the peace in 1815, the consumption again increased to 19 million kilogrammes, and progressively increased up to 1822, to 55 millions. In 1823, the war with Spain having raised the price, the consumption was for a time reduced to 40 millions, but it soon increased to 61 millions, and in 1831 amounted to no less than 80 millions of kilogrammes. There being then 32,500,000 inhabitants in France, the consumption was 2 kilogrammes and a half (five pounds) per head. In spite of this rapid progression, however, France still consumes less than the United States, where it is calculated that each person uses five kilogrammes. In England, seven are consumed; and in the island of Cuba the quantity used is so great, that France only consumes three or four times as much as that island, although the free population of the island does not exceed 140,000 inhabitants.

**Expedition into Central Africa.**—A prospectus has been issued by the South African Literary and Scientific Institution at the Cape of Good Hope, for raising a subscription to defray the expense of an expedition into Central Africa. The following is a very interesting extract:—"At a meeting of the Society, a letter from the acting Secretary to Government, in-closing, by order of his excellency the governor, a communication received from Graaff Reinet, was read, detailing the progress of a trading party, under the direction of Messrs. Hume and Muller, which had penetrated into central Africa in a northern direction from Letlakoo, and it was supposed, from an observation of the shadow cast by the sun, on the 24th of December, that this party had reached the Tropic. From the favourable description given of the country and its productions, the reading of this document excited great interest, and it was suggested that an attempt should be made to send a scientific expedition to explore those regions, with the object of elucidating their geography, the nature of their productions, and the advantages that may offer to commercial enterprise. This proposal was unanimously approved of; but in consequence of the inadequacy of the pecuniary means of the institution available for such an undertaking, it was determined to propose it generally to the public."

**Lithographic Works, stereotyping.**—M. Jules Baumgartner, a printer at Leipsic, is reported to have discovered a process, by which he is able to stereotype lithographic drawings, and copies can then be produced by means of the common printing press. The *Journal des Artistes* states, that attempts have been made in Paris to apply the invention, but with little success.

**Straw-paper.**—Some very successful attempts it is said, have lately been made at the Mills at Auderghem near Brussels, in the manufacture of

paper from straw. Experiments of this kind have been frequent in England, though we believe no article from the material in question, has yet been produced of a sufficiently fine texture, for even the ordinary purposes of printing.

**Steam-boats on the Mediterranean.**—A letter from Marseilles states, that the number of steam-boats which ply from that port, increases very rapidly. Two English boats sail regularly for Leghorn—one to Naples, and the passage is usually effected in 48 hours. One boat undertakes to reach Lisbon from Marseilles in four days, stopping at Gibraltar: another is about to start for Constantinople, where it is expected to arrive within a week, although it will stop at three intermediate places.

**Madras.**—It has been decided by the Auxiliary Society of the Royal Asiatic Society, to publish a Monthly or Quarterly Journal, similar to the *Asiatic Journal* of Calcutta.

**Discovery of an Antique Urn.**—A short time since, while some gardeners were digging in the commune of Alignan du Vent, near Pezenas, in the south of France, they discovered a funeral urn in perfect preservation, containing ashes and bones upon which the traces of fire were perceptible. The urn is of marble, two feet high, of the most exact proportions, and ornamented with a bas-relief representing four griffins, two of which have the heads of eagles, and the other two have horns. Several artists of the town have examined the urn, which they pronounce to be of the most exquisite and tasteful workmanship: it is supposed to be of the time of Augustus. In the same field, some other antiquities were discovered; a well, evidently of Roman construction, some plate, and several medals of the same period.

**Bloomfield.**—The widow of the Poet died last week in the Bedford Lunatic Asylum, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, having survived her husband above ten years. Her son, a modest, amiable, and industrious man, was sent for from London, and arrived in time to take his last leave of her; and she was sensible of his presence, and much gratified at seeing him. We speak of the good qualities of the son from personal knowledge, as he is by trade a printer, and has been for some time regularly employed at the office of this Journal.

**Dr. Babington** retained to the latest period of his life a keen relish for the attainment of knowledge, and made considerable sacrifices to enable himself to keep up with its rapid progress. After descending from this chair [V.P. of Geological Society], he took private lessons in geology of Mr. Webster. So late as the winter of 1832-3 he enrolled his name at the University of London as a student of chemistry, and there attended with the utmost punctuality a course on that science of seven months' duration; he afterwards in the same spirit, and in his 77th year, once more applied himself seriously to geology, and went over the collection of fossils in our museum. I can scarcely imagine a more gratifying spectacle than that of a veteran in the labours of professional duty, thus returning to the pursuits which he had loved when young, and seeking relaxation, not in ease and repose, the allowable luxuries of old age, but in the indulgence of an enlightened passion for knowledge.—*Mr. Greenough's Address.*

**Economy of gilding Buttons.**—In 1818 the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons: these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce gilt buttons without any gold; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the construction than he saved in the material.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Nous.		
Thur. 12	66 48	29.45	S.W.	Showers.
Frid. 13	66 64	29.39	S.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 14	76 54	29.60	S.W.	Shrs. F. M.
Sun. 15	74 48	29.64	S.W.	Clear.
Mon. 16	68 52	29.60	S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 17	66 48	29.55	S.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 18	66 48	29.75	S.W.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Nimbus.

Nights fair, except on Thursday; mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 61°. Greatest variation, 26°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.525.

Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 50'. No night.

On Saturday afternoon a thunder cloud passed over the metropolis from the west, discharging much lightning, with heavy showers of hail and rain. The cloud, as it hovered in the distance, presented a singularly awful appearance, throwing out streams of the electric fluid, which streaked the horizon for nearly three hours without intermission.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Tales of the Ramadan**, by Mr. St. John.  
A Treatise on Primary Geology, being an Examination, both Practical and Theoretical, of the older formations, by Henry S. Boase, M.D. Secretary of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, &c.

**Dacre**, a Novel, Edited by the Countess of Morley. The Corner Stone, by J. Abbott.

**Researches of the Rev. E. Smith and Rev. H. G. O. Dwight in Armenia.**

The Child at Home, by J. S. C. Abbott.

**Just published.**—Jebb and Knox's Thirty Years Correspondence, Edited by the Rev. Charles Forster, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Low's Elements of Practical Agriculture, 8vo. 21s.—The Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Biographical Gallery, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—My Daughter's Book, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland, 2nd Series, f. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Essays on the Antediluvian Age, by the Rev. W. B. Winning, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Existence of other Worlds, by Alexander Copland, Author of 'Mortal Life', 12mo. 5s.—Percival's Foreign Exchange Calculator, 12mo. 2s.—Percival's Commercial Correspondent, 12mo. 2s.—Twenty Minutes' Advice on Gout and Rheumatism, by a Severe Sufferer, 18mo. 1s.—Catechism of Byro's System of Short Hand, f. 1s.—Crockett's Life, by Himself, 12mo. 3s.—The Canary Finch, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Leigh's Picture of London, Plan and Map, 6s.; Plan and Views, 9s.; Busby's Costumes, 12s.; Rowland on Costumes, 15s.—The Nursery Governess, by Mrs. E. Napier, royal 18mo. 1s.—A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems, by John Graham, 8vo. 5s.—Hand-Book of Agriculture, 18mo. 1s. 3d.—Spirit of Chambers's Journal, f. 4s.—Jameson's Views and Sketches at Home and Abroad, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—The Revolutionary Epick, by Duraali the Younger, Books II. and III. 4to. 12s.—Stuart on the Trinity, and on Divinity of Christ, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Manual of Baronetage, 12mo. 5s.—Cunningham's Life of Burns, Vol. 6, 5s.—Scott's Bible, with Practical Observations, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 1l. 16s.—Wheeler's Sermons on the Gospels, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Inadvertent Repetition of Words.**—The colonel of a regiment serving in India was greatly attached to the violoncello, and devoted his mornings to practising on that instrument. Once, whilst counting time over a difficult sonata, the adjutant entered to introduce a new officer, and announced, "Ensign Kennedy come to join." The colonel unconsciously took up the words, and instead of "one, two, three," continued repeating, "Ensign Kennedy come to join—Ensign Kennedy come to join," to the amusement of the adjutant and the ensign.—In the Irish House of Commons, Mr. Flood was delivering a laboured panegyric on the magistrates of Wexford, while a gentleman sitting near him repeated, *sotto voce*, "They should be whipped at the cart's tail." Flood unconsciously repeated the words, and astounded the House by declaring, "The magistrates of Wexford deserve the highest rewards government can bestow, and—they should be whipped at the cart's tail."—Unfortunately we have to quote ourselves as a third example; while writing the article on the navigation of the Red Sea in our last Number, a friend, who was present, declared that "mouth" could not be properly applied to the entrance of a strait. "We say, the mouth of the Nile, but not the mouth of the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb," he repeated—and "mouth of the Nile" we wrote. The reader will therefore please to rectify the position of the island of Socotra, and, as a reward for his trouble, we will permit him to choose between "mouth" and "entrance," as applied to the strait.—By a like confusion of ideas, the compositor, in heading the account of the Ecclesiastical College (p. 466), inserted *Canterbury* instead of 'Dublin,' after the word Archbishop: this was rectified in the greater part of the impression.







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